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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

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"The Peculiar Institution."

The following extracts are from letters by a correspondent of the Ohio Observer, who was travelling at the South during the month of February last:

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I have endeavoured to learn as much as possible of the moral and religious condition of the slaves; but my means of information in regard to them are much more limited than in regard to the whites. There is a disposition on the part of the masters to impress a stranger with the belief that the slaves enjoy good religious privileges, and that a large proportion of them are truely pious. But in reference to their physical treatment, I find there is a wide disparity between the testimony of the masters and slaves. Also, in the Southern phrase, there is a "long difference" between the assertions of the former and the testimony of my own eyes; or, perhaps what they call good treatment, I call positive abuse. So in reference to their religious instruction—when scanned down to the real truth, it amounts to very little. As a general rule, the slaves who are really pious, are so in spite of their condition, rather than in consequence of any well-directed efforts for their salvation. The general feeling is that any religion is good enough for a "nigger."

In Kentucky there is no law prohibiting their education, but public sentiment is decidedly against it. Whenever a protracted meeting is held, custom requires all the masters in the vicinity, that they permit their slaves to attend. When collected in such masses, is the time that the most of them are converted, who profess religion at all. I much fear that such a meeting is, with most of the masters, the great day of expiation, wherein, by giving their slaves three or four days to attend meeting, and furnishing them liberally with provisions, they atone for the wrongs and privations imposed upon them the remainder of the year.

Their conversion being followed by no course of instruction suited to their capacities, steady and consistent piety can hardly be expected. A Presbyterian minister informed me that they are governed more by feeling than principle, and consequently, their religion is very fitful. This is always to be expected more or less among an ignorant people. The vices so common among the slaves, and of which the masters so much complain, are the legitimate results of Slavery, and can only be removed by removing that.

Still, in proportion to the advantages which the blacks enjoy, I believe there is more piety among them than among the whites. I have certainly met with some very pleasing specimens of it. Calling at a blacksmith's shop for a small job of work, I found the smith was a slave. On inquiring to whom I should make payment, he told me I might to him. His practice was to receive all the money paid at the shop, and pay it over to his master at night. I asked him how his master knew whether he rendered a just account. He replied, that he knew him too well not to trust him. That as wrong as his master did by him, it was no excuse for him to do wrong by his master. He could deceive his master, but he could not deceive God, to whom he must render his final account. He said he was a Baptist, and had regular family prayers. His master was a Presbyterian to whom he gave credit for good usage, and good training. But as he had faithfully served him fifty years, he did think that he ought to have the remainder of his days to himself. He regretted that he could not read the Bible, and I was pained to hear him attempt to quote it, he made such sad blunders. Tears started in the eyes of the poor man as he spoke of his hard condition, and looked forward to death only for release from his bondage. He thanked God that he had no children to inherit his ignorance and servitude. I pitied the man from the bottom of my heart, while I was delighted with his correct principle and honest simplicity.

At the house of another Presbyterian I found an old black woman who gave very pleasing evidence of piety. She felt it a great affliction that she could not read the Bible, and seldom could get any one to read it to her. A great part of the time there was no meeting within six miles of her. She had frequently walked that distance on the Sabbath, besides doing what was required of her night and morning. But now she was old, and found it too hard. She did not know herself how old she was, but "reckoned" about sixty. She had thirty grandchildren, all slaves. She could not believe that Slavery was agreeable to the will of a holy God, who was no respecter of persons. She did not know how the whites could pray as they did, and pretend to love everybody, and then sell their slaves, hand-cuff them, and send them away from their wives and children. I learned the next day, that her master, a prominent member of the Presbyterian church, had lately given her son's wife and three children to his daughter in Arkansas, and sent them away from the husband and father. The old lady expressed such love for the Bible that I proposed to visit her cabin and read a portion of it to her. Accordingly I called in the morning and found the door closed, as the weather had suddenly changed from warm to cold, and one of her sons was sick. To open it I had to put my "hand in by the hole in the door," made for the purpose, and unhook a little chain. I was compelled to stoop as I entered. The woman was attending to her sick son, who sat by a little fire, clothed in rags, and an old ragged blanket around his shoulders. The cabin was as destitute of convenience, cleanliness and comfort, as can well be conceived of in a place at all inhabitable. I had heard much of the good care which slaves had in their sickness, and here I saw it. May God in his mercy deliver me from such care!

While the poor old woman and her sick son were confined to a hut only fit for hogs, her mistress was sitting in her well-furnished parlour, with a bell by her side to jingle for a slave every time a piece of labour was wanted, though requiring no more effort than the rattling of her bell. I was obliged to relinquish my design of reading to the poor slaves, as without opening the door I could find no position where I could distinguish one letter from another in my pocket Bible.

There is much more good sense and intelligence among these slaves than I expected to find. As they cannot read, they depend for information upon what they see and hear. Consequently they are close observers of men and things. They have as quick perception of right and wrong—of propriety and impropriety, as any other class of persons.

Not a slave can I find who believes that Slavery is right, or that the Bible will justify it; though I have put the questions to I know not how many. Nor is a slave to be found who will tell me that he is satisfied with his condition. Masters often tell me of slaves who would not take their freedom as a gift. But I can find no such, and the slaves tell me they know of none. It is true, many of them will choose Slavery rather than banishment from their families and friends.

But I fear not to stand here and challenge the whole South to bring a man who will choose Slavery, other things being equal.

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Slavery is found here in as mild a form as anywhere in the United States. Very few own more than one family of slaves, and provision being abundant, there is no inducement to stint them in their food. Those who do not now own them will not buy, because the "down river traders" will pay more than any one can afford to give here, and risk their escape. When a family increases beyond profitable employment, a part are sold off to the dealers in human flesh. They will buy those only between twenty and fifty years of age. Some heart-rending separations must of course take place. I have been often told both in Ohio and Kentucky, that the slaves here are better conditioned than the coloured people in the free States—that they fare as well as their masters, or their hired people at the most; and that with few exceptions they are as contented and happy as any other class of people. But when different parties are concerned, it is well to hear both sides. Seeing a slave that appeared to feel very well, I asked him if he had a kind master. Looking to see if any one was within hearing, he replied, "'bout middling." I then asked him if the slaves here were not generally well-treated. With some pleasantry he replied, that "if hard work and no pay was good treatment, they had plenty of it."

I became very much interested in a slave at another house, apparently about fifty years of age. He had travelled considerably with his master, and for an uneducated man was quite intelligent. His wife and child were owned by another man, four miles distant. His master was kind to him, and he had no fears of being sold. He did not think his children would be; but said he could not tell what might take place. I asked his opinion as to what the slaves would do if emancipated. He said he believed that it would be with them just as it is with the white people; some would do bad, others would do well. They would have a greater inducement to labour then, because they would have the benefit of it. For himself, he knew that if free he could not only get a better living than his master gives him, but could take a heap more comfort by living with his family. My sympathies were touched for the poor man, when he exhibited all the tender feelings for his family that are ever seen in white people. O how much unseen and untold misery lies pent-up in the bosom of this down-trodden race! This man has frequently been to Ohio with his master, and knew when there that he was free by the laws of that State. But he returned because he would not leave his family. This is one of the very cases so often cited to prove that when well treated the slaves become attached to their masters and prefer their condition to freedom. Probe the matter to the bottom, and it amounts to nothing more than the fact, that conjugal and parental feelings predominate over the love of liberty.

When a slave is full fed, comfortably clothed, not over worked, has his pastimes and holidays, he is supposed to be as happy as his nature will admit. This is the secret of all that good treatment of which we hear so much at the North.

To see them at their daily business—at work perhaps with their masters or mistresses, or mingling with the family pretty much as the hired persons do at the North, or enter into ordinary conversation with them, and we might suppose them to enjoy life about the same as other people. But sit down by the side of a slave, and get him to open his heart to you, and you will find a gnawing worm in his bosom. He knows that by being robbed of his liberty he is abused and degraded. The happiness of the slave here is only of the negative kind—mere exemption from bodily sufferings. As far as I can learn, they are seldom whipped, generally sufficiently clothed to protect them from the weather. To the latter remark, however, I have seen some sad exceptions. Their common clothing is generally dirty, or ragged, or very much patched. Take any class of females and confine them to such apparel as is worn by the black women here; they will soon lose their self-respect and sink into degradation.

I have heard no man in Kentucky speak on the subject, but wishes that Slavery did not exist. As it is; they see no way: they have no idea that a black man will labour on behalf of himself with propriety unless compelled by force. They will tell you that they wish some means could be devised by which Slavery could be abolished. To emancipation on the soil they object positively. Propose colonization in Africa, that is too expensive.

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From the Watchman of the Valley.

FACTS ABOUT SLAVERY.

Such facts as the following, attested by a responsible name, are just the kind of information we need to decide and act intelligently on the subject. A residence of *thirty-six years* in the South, must certainly give the writer a good opportunity to know whereof he affirms.

WASHINGTON COUNTY, Pa.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As there is being a good deal said at the present day, about Southern Christians bringing the discipline of the Church to bear on the cruelties of Slavery, and about their moaning and lamenting over this great evil; I also wish to state a few facts on the subject, if possible, to shed some light on this *vexed* question.

And first, I will remark that a residence of thirty-six years in the South, in the very midst of Slavery, afforded me a good opportunity of observation on this subject. Again, I will remark, that my feelings were very early enlisted on the subject of church government, and even before I became a member of the Church, I was led to admire the principles upon which the Presbyterian Church was governed; and therefore anything in practice which related to this department of the Church attracted my attention.

I will now give you the result of some of my observation. I am, and have been, personally acquainted with a great number of ministers, elders, and church-members, who owned slaves, and who never made an effort either public or private, to teach them to read the Word of God. And I never knew an instance of any attempt being made to discipline members for this great sin of, omission.

It is a universal practice among slaveholding church-members, to have family worship while their slaves are at work—I never knew but one exception to this—and who ever heard of this being made a disciplinable offence? I have known elders and private members, tie up men, women, and children, some of them aged and infirm, and flog them severely, and I never knew it to injure their standing in the Church. I have known multitudes of church-members who bought and sold slaves "*for gain*," who parted husbands and wives, parents and children, without any notice whatever being taken of it by the Church—except in one instance, where a man and his wife was parted, an elder brought it before the session, and the result of the whole matter was that the elder was honoured with a call from Judge Lynch's posse, composed of church-members.

And now, as to the groaning and panting of church-members in the South, to get rid of this great evil. It is generally known that the laws of the slave States authorize buying and selling slaves, and parting asunder all those natural ties which are so dear to husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, and almost every species of cruelty conceivable. Who in the South has not seen the slave-driver scouring the country, just as we see the hog and cattle speculators do in this country, and driving their herds of slaves through mud and water, and frequently shutting them up in open pens at night, without anything to shelter them from the weather, be it ever so inclement? Frequently these gangs are chained together with heavy chains.

Who in the South has not seen the inhuman slave-driver going about trying to give away the infant from the mother's breast, amid her wailings of anguish, (and frequently successful,) that it might not injure the sale of the mother? Those in the slave States who have not seen such scenes as these, must have lived in some obscure corner, or have shut their eyes. And yet during my whole residence in the South, I never saw or heard of a petition, remonstrance, or any such thing to the lawmakers, to get an end put to their wicked laws and practices. I blush when I think of this, for I have to take guilt and shame to myself.

And now a few words on the sinfulness of slaveholding. I never have known a slaveholder awakened to a sense of his sin and danger by the influences of the Holy Spirit, (for the Spirit of God operates among slaveholders as well as others, and He is not driven from his work by armed mobs or carnal weapons,) but Slavery was amongst the first things which troubled him; and when brought to indulge a hope in Christ, his conscience was always peculiarly tender on that point, until his difficulties were removed by some spiritual leader.

Now Messrs. Editors, others may believe whom they may, but I would not give the testimony of the Holy Ghost on this or any other subject for that of all the Doctors of Divinity in the land.

If you should think proper to publish this, I may send you some facts corroborative of the above.

W. M. ALLISON.

January 26, 1847.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

The following is an extract of a letter received from an estimable friend in the State of Delaware. The circumstance he relates is a shocking one, and to some not acquainted with the Sodom-like abandonment of the slave regions, may seem incredible; to us, however, it appears fully in keeping with many practices equally revolting, which are well known to be prevalent in some parts of the South:

"While I have some spare paper left, I will make you acquainted with a circumstance which took place on board a steamboat on the Mississippi river. My brother-in-law, E. P. has just returned from the West, and thus relates it: As Slavery is a general topic on these boats, and while he and several others were warmly engaged on the subject, a gentleman of very respectable appearance from the city of New-York, stepped up and related the following story. From his appearance and character as far as he could learn, he had no reason to doubt that he spoke the truth. He stated that he had been down to New Orleans, and while there, had met with a slaveholder who owned several female slaves. This slaveholder told him with his own lips that he had offered their services as prostitutes to the Pennsylvania volunteers, and to their honour be it recorded, they indignantly refused. He then made application to the Mississippi volunteers, and his offer was accepted, and he added that he had in this way actually realized a sum of $750! These are the facts, and you are at liberty to make such use of them as you see proper."

Selections.

From the Liberator.

RECEPTION OF DOUGLASS.

On Friday evening last, a public meeting (by ticket) was held in the Lyceum Hall, in Lynn, to congratulate Mr. Douglass on his safe arrival home from the old world, and to assure him of the respect and esteem of his fellow-townsmen. The weather was exceedingly adverse to a large gathering, as rain, hail, and snow followed each other in swift and violent succession during the day; but quite as many were present as we were prepared to witness. James P. Boyce was called to preside, and sundry appropriate resolutions were then presented to the meeting by James N. Buffum, accompanied with a few remarks, and cordially adopted. Mr. Douglass occupied the remainder of the evening in giving an interesting and cheering sketch of his travels and adventures abroad, but remarked that he had not yet "got his sea-legs off," and did not feel in a speech-making mood.

Our coloured fellow-citizens of Boston, (with as many white friends as may choose to unite with them,) intend giving him a public welcome in the Belknap-street meeting-house, on Monday evening next. The occasion will be an interesting one, and no solicitation will be needed to secure a crowded house.

The following letter from Mr. Douglass, respecting his treatment at Liverpool by the agent of the Cunard line of steamers, will be read with surprise and indignation by the friends of justice and equal rights on both sides of the Atlantic. So, then, the spirit of American Slavery is able successfully to dictate to British navigators, what shall be the treatment shown to coloured passengers across the Atlantic!

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LYNN, April 21, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I hasten to inform you of my safe arrival at home. I left Liverpool per steamship Cambria, at 12 o'clock, on Sunday, April 4th, and reached Halifax on Sunday evening, the 18th, and here on Tuesday afternoon, about six,—thus performing the voyage in sixteen days and six hours.

My passage was not the most agreeable; for aside from the head winds, a rough sea, and the innumerable perils of the deep, I had the cruel, and almost omnipotent and omnipresent spirit of American Slavery with which to contend.

After an interesting tour of twenty months through the British isles,—during which, I made use of all the various means of conveyance, by land and sea, from town to town, and city to city, my feelings as a man, and my rights as a passenger, sacredly regarded, and never being able to detect the slightest dislike to me on account of my colour,—I bid farewell to monarchical England, and looked toward democratic America; and while yet three thousand miles away from her shores, at the first step, I am smitten with the pestilential breath of her slave system! I came home a proscribed man; and this, solely to propitiate American pro-slavery hate. The American public demanded my exclusion from the saloon of the steamship, and the company owning the steamer, had not the virtue to resist the demand. The dominion of Slavery is no longer confined under the star-spangled banner, but extends itself, and bears sway, even under that of Great Britain. But, without farther preface, I will at once put you in possession of the facts in the case.

On the 4th of last March, in company with my friend, Mr. George Moxhay, of the Hall of Commerce, London, I called upon the agent of the Cunard line of steamers, for the purpose of securing a berth in one of the company's vessels, to sail for the United States on the 4th of April. I was informed by the agent, that there was but one berth unsold, and that was berth 72, in the Cambria. This berth I took, and paid for—paying first-class price. I then asked the agent, whether there would be any difficulty in my enjoying any of the rights and privileges on board the ship, granted to white passengers. "Certainly not," was the reply. On hearing this, I left the office.

Reposing on the honour and the integrity of the company, and never dreaming of the possibility of a contingency to deprive me of my berth, I made myself perfectly easy till the afternoon of the 3d April, the day previous to our contemplated departure from Liverpool to Boston. I then went on board with my baggage; and here, to my surprise, disappointment, and mortification, I learned that my berth was given to another—that on account of the colour of my skin, it had been decided that I should not have the berth for which I had paid, and to which I was justly entitled! Confused and confounded by this intelligence, I went to the office of the agent in Liverpool, for an explanation of what I had heard on board the steamer, which was now lying in the Mersey, about two miles from the shore. The agent Mr. McIver, with the harshness of an American slaveholder, told me that the agent from whom I had purchased my ticket, had no right to sell it to me. I replied that I knew nothing more of the authority of the agent to sell tickets, than what I learned from the public press. He was there advertised as the authorized agent of the company, and persons wishing to secure passage in the company's ships were requested to call upon him. I had as much right to regard Mr. Foord as the agent in London, as to regard Mr. McIver the agent in Liverpool. They were both the advertised agents of the company. But here was not the difficulty, as I afterwards compelled him to confess. This was a deceitful stratagem, (I will say nothing of its meanness,) to deprive me of my berth, without openly incurring the responsibility of trampling upon, and robbing a traveller of his rights, on account of the colour of his skin.

The agent said, that great dissatisfaction had been given to the *American* travelling public, by my having been permitted on the quarter-deck, when crossing the Atlantic in the summer of 1845, and that much ill-feeling had been created against the line in America by what I said against American Slavery during the voyage; and that while he would not undertake to defend American prejudices, he must, nevertheless, prevent the recurrence of any such event again; and that, if I went home in the ship, I must go in an apartment wholly separate from the white passengers; but that I should have every accommodation in the way of attention, and apartments enjoyed by other passengers. Subject to this restriction, I must never enter the saloon,—the part of the ship the most commodious, and where other passengers took their meals. I must eat alone—sleep alone—*be alone*. These were my limits on board the British steamship Cambria. By this regulation, I was not only deprived of the privilege of eating in the saloon, but also shut out from religious worship. We had two Sundays during the voyage, and, in conformity to the religious ideas of the company, as well as of the British public, had regular religious services performed on board. They called upon "*our Father*," the Creator of the heavens and the earth—the God who has made of one blood all nations, *the black as well as the white*—to bless them—while they cursed and excluded me on account of the colour of my skin. This, I thought, was American slaveholding religion, *under British colours*, and I felt myself no great loser by being excluded from its benefits.

Aside from this proscription, I was as well provided for as any other passenger. Indeed, my apartments were much to be preferred to many which I saw on board. I was treated with the utmost politeness by every officer on board, and received every attention from the servants during the whole voyage. It may be asked, then, why do I yet complain? The answer is, that my position was one of coercion, when it ought to have been that of option. The difference is as wide as that of freedom and Slavery; and the man who cannot see the one, cannot see the other.

In haste, yours, sincerely,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

From the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

ORTHODOX SLANDERS.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—Since my withdrawal from the Wesleyan Church, and identifying myself with the Anti-Slavery Society, I have received quite a number of letters, many of which I am utterly unable to answer for want of time. Not a few of them contain charges against the American Society, which, if the parties do not know to be false, they have been grossly imposed upon. I will, with your permission, insert a part of one letter, and make such remarks upon it as I may deem necessary. This will perhaps, answer a better end, than a mere private letter could to each of the parties, as it will reach many others who are labouring under similar impressions. Yours, &c.

J. W. WALKER.

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TO BROTHER WALKER.

VERY DEAR SIR:—I received a notice from you "to Wesleyans and others" in the Anti-Slavery Bugle of last week, which sent a thrill of grief and sorrow through my old callous heart, which I do not remember to have felt in all my life before, and pray God that I may never feel again, unless his own most glorious cause may, by some means, be thereby promoted. And now my dear brother can surely bear with me a little, when I assure him that this broken scroll is none other than the fruits of unfeigned love, and sincere regard, both for yourself and God's general Zion, particularly the infant branch which we have both been labouring to sustain, and which will most deeply and seriously feel the shock produced by your withdrawal from the connection. Think not, my beloved brother, that I say these things to censure you, far be that from me; but as I do think my dear Sir, that you have been deceived, and thus led to embrace error, and give your support to a system which you would not for your right hand, nay, even for your life, if you viewed it as I do. I cannot feel justified in the sight of God, nor exercise that love for my brother which I have for myself, without making, at least, one effort to undeceive you, and more especially as I came very near, myself, splitting upon the same rock which I think my dear brother W. has stumbled upon; I seem to hear my Master say, "since thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

When I first heard the American Anti-Slavery lecturers, I hardly knew what to think or what to say. I could not then contradict the charges which they brought against the churches, both ministers and members, without distinction. I knew that religion, as a general thing, at the present day, was quite too superficial a matter, and almost came to the conclusion that I must withdraw all connection and support from every ecclesiastical body which exists among us; but upon more deliberate consideration of the subject, I became convinced that what little there is of morality and virtue, or in short, of good principle in the world, as a general thing, is to be found in the Church; and at length, by examining the matter closely, and prayerfully reading their own publications, (I subscribed for the Bugle one year,) and hearing them lecture repeatedly, I became convinced, that although their anti-slavery principles were good, the abolition of Slavery was not their chief object; but to spread the awful, desolating, moral pestilence of Infidelity far and wide. Oh, my brother, my dear brother, is there not some proof of this in the fact, that their combined efforts are levelled against every organization, both civil and religious? (notwithstanding they often deny this, yet it can be proved,) and what do they substitute in the room of all this? nothing but Anti-Slavery—good indeed in its place—but who does not know that this is not everything? Is it not striking the axe at the root of everythidg of a moral and religious nature, in short everything that cements mankind to each other; by ties of the holiest, purest kind?—Does it not, when carried out, by some of them at least, break down even the sacred enclosure of the domestic circle; I mean by performing a sort of (a mock) ceremony between themselves, amounting to about this, "that they enter into a written contract to perform all duties growing out of the marriage relation so long as they shall be satisfied with each other." I do not see much that is ominous of good for our nation, more than they; but I do think their (almost) every effort is strongly calculated to sweep away the last particle of hope that remains for us as a nation; and if their principles should be carried out, I know not how we could look for anything better than the same principles produced in Infidel France in her worst days—and instead of the corrupt state of our Government, (or even Constitution) and churches, being any reason why we should abandon all into the hands of the wicked and vile, I think it the very reason that should unite our hearts and efforts the more closely together, as union is strength, and not be less wise in matters of such vast importance, than we are in our common every-day affairs of life; and surely we should think any one very unwise, who would destroy his house because it was poor, before he had provided another shelter; and yet comeouterism is for sweeping away with a stroke all organizations, (except the American Anti-Slavery Society,) both civil and religious, thus throwing off all restraint, and opening wide every avenue, that infidelity may sweep over the length and breadth of the land. From such a fate may God save us as individuals, as communities, as a nation! my soul says Amen, and Amen!

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REPLY.

DEAR FRIEND:

You will excuse my seeming neglect for the reason assigned in my note to the editor of the Bugle. You will also excuse me from referring to anything merely personal, from the fact that I think nothing of a personal character merely would be interesting to the readers of the columns through which I address you.

I thank you for the deep interest you seem to take in the welfare of those whom you look upon as erring brethren. You think I have been deceived and led to embrace error, dangerous, soul-killing error. That I have split upon a rock, upon which yourself well nigh made shipwreck. If I by my action have become thus involved, then of course ALL who have done the same, are in the same danger. Let us look at this matter for a moment. What have we done? what fearful sentiments have we embraced? Hearken and give heed. We have received a matter of *fact*, as true!! That the Constitution of the United States is a pro-slavery document. In doing this we have done, what the Executive, Judicial, and Legislative departments of the Government of the country have done from the first hour of their existence, till the present: as also the whole body of the people, if we except a few who deny a plain matter of fact, for party purposes. And which seems to us the only safe and consistent course of conduct. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." *This is the whole matter.* Now for the life of me, I cannot see what there is in all this so alarming, that fills so many with ago ing fear, that would lead them to suffer amputation or martyrdom rather than believe.

But the difficulty is not here, the people are not thus alarmed at receiving what they all know to be true. It lies in a number of other matters, that have no more possible connection with the American Anti-Slavery Society, than the parties who originate and circulate them have with decency and truth. You are not the only one who while hearing the agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society were convinced of duty, and neglected to "add to their faith, courage."

You "have become convinced that what morality, virtue, and good principle there is in the world, is in the Church, as a general thing." If you meant in the Church of Jesus Christ, I should have no cause to differ with you. But this is not your meaning. You mean in the organizations, called churches. I cannot suppose that you are of opinion that the Wesleyan church embraces all the virtue, &c.; but that the other churches have their share. I will not undertake to say what you mean by the above properties, "virtue," &c. But what true virtue there can be in churches who sell females for prostitution, who are constantly engaged in raising victims for Southern Seraglios, who forbid marriage to one-sixth of the whole people, and legalize wholesale adultery, I cannot tell. What morality there can be in churches who fellowship and endorse the Christian character of the most black-hearted thieves and pirates in the universe is a mystery, greater than "the mystery of Godliness," And as to "good principle," it must be a plentiful article, when we consider the men who compose the churches, the means they employ for their support, the gross and bitter calumnies they are constantly fabricating against every species of reform, and every class of reformers. If it be a fact that the virtue, &c. is in the churches, then the greatest churches have the most virtue, &c. and you, in leaving the Methodist Episcopal Church left one of the most virtuous, moral, and well-principled churches in the world. You must see that in leaving so heavenly a society, you made a sad mistake, and should with humble penitence, seek once more admission to her fold. I wish to call your attention especially to a part of your letter, which I deem the most important, because it contains the most wide-spread sentiments, at the same time the most unfounded slanders. You say you "have examined this matter closely and prayerfully." You "have read their publications and heard the lecturers repeatedly." "Their chief object is not the abolition of Slavery, but to spread the awful desolating, moral pestilence of infidelity far and wide." Now my friend, I ask you, are you sure of the above? I also ask you for the evidence, through the columns of this paper. *I deny the whole in the most plain, positive, and unequivocal manner.* I call upon you or any other, who is in the habit of stating the above, to adduce the *resolution*, address, or statement of the society in which Christianity is assailed, or infidelity taught or advocated. I also call upon you to bring forward any article in any of the organs of the society, or any sentence in any of the publications of the society, that in any form teaches the desolating doctrine of infidelity—furthermore, I challenge you to prove that the agents of such societies have ever on the Anti-Slavery platform advocated other than Anti-Slavery doctrines.

You ask "have we not evidence in the fact that their combined efforts are levelled against every organization, both civil and religious." Are you sure the societies go against every organization? Where is the proof? I unequivocally deny this, as I have done the former. Point us to the action of the society where her hostility is thus expressed. The society has never uttered a word of condemnation against this or any other Government only so far as they have cherished and sustained Slavery.

So with religious organizations. If you have heard the agents of the American Society repeatedly, you have heard them declare that they had nothing to say against churches which were Anti-Slavery. This *you* know, and how you could declare what you have on this point, I don't know. I know the charge is brought against the American Society that they do not discriminate enough. I have heard it repeatedly. Every sect wishes to be an exception. I never heard the Wesleyans complain that the Methodist Episcopal Church was not passed by without being charged with the crime of Slavery. So with the rest. Would *you* have a lecturer pass by the parties who are guilty of their brother's blood, because, forsooth, the parties are guilty of a man-stealing Government, or a cradle-plundering Church?

I would exercise that charity which thinketh no evil, but it would be attempting to believe what is absolutely impossible, were I to think that a man could be honest who says the "American Society wish to sweep away at a stroke every organization" but their own. Do you not know that this is false? Why, man, you could hardly find a member of the American Anti-Slavery Society but that belongs to half-a-dozen others, such as Peace, Temperance, Moral Reform, Anti-Capital Punishment, and kindred ones. Yet you say they seek the overthrow of all save *one*. Beside, how many are there members of different Orthodox churches? (not many I hope,) and even some are ministers in your own church and conference.

When I see or hear an otherwise decent man charging men and women of whom the world is not worthy, patterns of every virtue, living exemplifications of Gospel truth—with seeking to throw off *every restraint*, that they may revel in crime, I can only say, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." The above charge originated with a class of men than whom there can be none more vile and wicked; men who have ever been a curse to the best interests of humanity, whose sole object has been to enslave and fetter the mind, men who are generally too proud to beg, and too idle to dig, who know that their place and living depend upon the ignorance and blindness of the people; the same class perpetuate these falsehoods that their own knavery may appear honesty, their hypocrisy sanctity. They teach their willing dupes the inventions of their own corrupt minds, and do it with such a show of sanctity that even well-meaning men are led to believe and place confidence in them. I can assure you I have been in circumstances to understand the character of the priesthood far better than yourself. I would far rather risk my present and eternal salvation with the parties you so deeply revile, than with nineteen-twentieths of the whole Church and clergy.

One other point in your letter—your remarks on *marriage*. Who among the Anti-Slavery friends do away with marriage? who among them have a mock ceremony? Name the parties who sign a paper to the effect you say. The whole is a tissue of the blackest falsehood. Adduce your proof! *You have mistaken the whole matter.* It is Protestant Orthodoxy you have been describing—the Sunday religion of your own country you have been portraying. Your own religion won't allow the sixth part of the people even to sign a paper that they will discharge the duties of the marriage relation as long as they are satisfied with each other. They must unite at the will of their pious masters, and separate at their bidding. Your godly ministers and members may notonly have one wife but as many concubines as they can afford to keep; and yet you cry out against Anti-Slavery men, and say they are opposed to marriage.

I don't believe a man is a Christian that retails such falsehoods as your letter contains—I don't believe a man is the friend of the slave who will try thus to blast the character of the slaves' friends. No matter what his profession, I have no confidence in him. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Priests, members, and Anti-Slavery agents have been frequently at my house for days together, and I know that in true Christian deportment there is no comparison. I am sorry to have occupied so much space.

Yours, for the slandered,

J. W. WALKER.

Communications.

LETTER FROM MR. GOODELL.

The Church Question among American Abolitionists, &c.

(*Concluded.*)

So much for the Liberty party. I think the picture a fair and impartial one. Now for the "Old Organization," Some things I have glanced at already, but much more should be said. My less extensive and minute knowledge of facts in relation to it, may render my sketch incomplete. What I lack, Mr. Editor, you can supply. I have intimated that "Old Organizationists" were behind Liberty party men, within the circle of my acquaintance, in the early agitation of the Church question. An item or two more. So late, if I mistake not, as 1843, the National Anti-Slavery Standard continued—very consistently—to apply to the *Church* question, the same principles and the same logic that, even to the present day, is so generally applied by "Old Organizationists" to the *political* question. Only abolitionize the people, said they, and it makes no manner of difference which party they belong to. The idea that it could improve their abolitionism by coming out of the party and forming a new one, was considered absurd, and hence, it was inferred that a Liberty party was not needed. All this was plausible enough on the assumption that the party could be abolitionized without its dismemberment or disorganization, and the same was true of the churches. But when it was ascertained that the sects and parties, or either of them, could not *be* abolitionized without disbanding them, the case was changed. The National Anti-Slavery Standard distinctly took the ground of remaining in both the old churches and the old parties, in order to purify them. In special notice of the organization of an independent local church in Utica, of which David Plumb was elected pastor, and of which Alvan Stewart was a member, the then editors of the Standard took occasion strongly to repudiate the policy of Anti-Slavery secession from pro-slavery churches. The policy was satirized as absurd and useless, and characterized as being a specimen of the tactics of the "Third party." At that time, indeed, it was common with "Old Organizationists" to show up the folly of "Third party," (as they called it,) by demanding whether we were prepared to carry out the principle, and either organize a new Anti-Slavery communion for each separate sect, or merge all seceding Abolitionists into one church. The absurdity and madness of the enterprise was thought sufficient to stamp Liberty party principles with folly.

How well this squares with the loud cry against a pro-slavery Church and ministry, on the part of "Old Organizationists," it is not my business to say. What I have to do is with the facts. You will admit that the record places in rather a ludicrous light the statement of E. D. Hudson, at the Cazenovia Convention, as reported in the National Anti-Slavery Standard of March 11, 1847.

"He admitted that some [in the Liberty party] were *now* seeing the error of their *past* conduct, and were now standing by the side of Garrison, on the Church question, and those whom they formerly stigmatized as infidels, and were receiving to themselves the same epithets, such as *Goodell, Smith*, &c."

E. D. Hudson, probably, did not know the facts of the case, and for *his* information, and that of many others, I wish to let them know that "such as Goodell, Smith," Green, Birney, Stewart, &c. &c. were "receiving to themselves the same epithets" from pro-slavery ministers and church-members, so long ago as they had the help of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, in deriding them!

How early those among the "Old Organizationists," who agreed with *Mr. Garrison* on the Church question (for there seems to have been two sorts of them) commenced the work of secession, known in Massachusetts, as "come-outer-ism"—I am not able to say. It may have been as early as the secessions in Central New-York, already mentioned. I give them credit for having disseminated much truth, on the condition of the churches in general, and the duty of separating from them. They have done much to circulate "Birney's American Churches, the Bulwarks of American Slavery." They have also re-published, and circulated my tract, "Duty of Secession from a Corrupt Church"—(first published in March, 1843, in the Christian Investigater, as a sequel to an article in the February number, "Pro-slavery or apparently neutral Churches Anti-Christian.") S. S. Foster, too, published his "Brotherhood of Thieves," some time *after* the publication of Birney's, and containing many of the same facts. If Mr. Foster has more *loudly denounced* pro-slavery churches than Mr. Birney, there is *another* difference between them: while Mr. Birney practiced what he preached, by withdrawing from "the bulwarks," Mr. Foster continues to remain in "the brotherhood," and claims a right to membership with them, that his testimony may be heard. The rule is as good for Mr. Leavitt as for Mr. Foster.

I have said I knew of no Anti-Slavery churches gathered by "Old Organizationists." This may, perhaps, be because, *that portion* of "Old Organizationists" who DO "come out" of the old churches, do not consider it best to have any churches at all. As an *Abolitionist*, merely, I have nothing to say to them on that question, though I have my own views, believing that even the Anti-Slavery cause, (to go no farther,) needs the influence and labour of organized *Christian* churches. I reproach no Abolitionist for thinking otherwise. But I *do* say that the *self-denial*, in coming out of pro-slavery churches, is far less with those who, (on *other* grounds than abolition,) desire to have no organized church relations, than in the case of those who are warmly attached to church institutions, and know not who will join in a new church with them, if they secede. May I not, in all candour and frankness, add, that I think their Anti-Slavery testimony and influence of less value? Is there not some apparent ground for the inference, so commonly drawn, that disaffection towards church organization, as such, as well as indignation against Slavery, impels to the measure? It would be unjust to attribute to the *body*, the position of *individuals*. This fault, of which I complain, I will not retaliate. But we do know of *some* whose loud denunciations of a pro-slavery Church and ministry, have been accompanied, not merely with a renunciation of outward church organizations, but with a bitter deri-

sion of the Scriptures, and of Christianity itself. Do not misunderstand me here. I wish all the sceptics in the land were enlisted in the abolition cause.* It is a good work, in itself, and naturally leads to other things good. A sceptic, performing one of the great duties of humanity and religion, is nearer the Kingdom of Heaven than the sanctimonious Pharisee, trampling humanity and fundamental morality, under foot. But when such an one as I first described, takes the wickedness of pro-slavery churches as his *text*, and then gives us a political co-operation with the worst pro-slavery ministers and church-members in the work of electing oppressive rulers, as the *comment*, I may be excused for giving as little credit to the sincerity of his abolitionism as you do to the sincerity of the Liberty man who votes for the abolition of Slavery, and supports a pro-slavery Church. It is bad enough, in *one* who votes against Slavery, to sit down under, and sustain the preaching of such advocates of wicked rulers as Dr. Taylor and Dr. Hawes. It cannot be *better* to denounce such rabbis and their supporters as the spawn of the pit, and then follow their corrupt teachings, and join with them in voting for slaveholders! To denounce the American Anti-Slavery Society as hypocritical because it has some of the one class, could be no more unjust and uncandid than to denounce the Liberty party in like manner, for having some of the other.

It is, no doubt, less difficult to see the gross inconsistencies of those who oppose us, than of those whom we receive as fellow-labourers and helpers. I claim no exemption from error; but I confess I have been puzzled to know how to understand large numbers of your society, who were ready to denounce, as hypocrites, past endurance, the great body of the Liberty voters, because they did not quit their corrupt churches, (whose corruption was mainly manifest in their pro-slavery voting,) and then turn round and bind themselves in close political alliance with those same pro-slavery ministers and church-members, (whom Liberty voters are such hypocrites for sitting with, in religious worship,) and join with them in elevating slaveholders and pro-slavery men to office. You will not deny the well-ascertained pro-slavery character of the Whig party, nor the habit of large numbers of your society of supporting it, and its worst candidates, not excepting Henry Clay, to say nothing of such pretended Abolitionists as Corwin, Giddings, Gates, Seward, Slade, &c. &c. members, mostly of pro-slavery churches. And you cannot but know, on reflection, that the pro-slavery clergy of this country, with few exceptions, are in that Whig party, and give it, mainly, its moral character, and furnish the ethics by which its policy is moulded. If some of your members vote with the so-called Democratic party, their position is not better. Unless some few of them vote the Liberty ticket, all your society who vote at all, co-operate, in so doing, with the members and ministers of pro-slavery churches, in one of the most significant and efficient of the acts by means of which they become the "*bulwarks of American Slavery.*"

You will think, perhaps, that I strangely mingle religion with politics, but I cannot separate the pro-slavery character of the American churches and clergy, in general, from their support of pro-slavery rulers of the ballot-box. Nor can I perceive how those are clear from supporting these "bulwarks of American Slavery" who join with the members of those "bulwarks" in their pro-slavery acts. Before either branch of the Anti-Slavery host charge each other, in the lump, with hypocrisy, it would be well for them to examine their own position, and cast the beam or the mote out of their own eye.

Another thing that neutralizes the testimony of your society against the pro-slavery churches and clergy—and against those Liberty men who sustain them—is the customary habit of many of your lecturers and writers, of making *no exception* in favour of any Anti-Slavery ministers and churches, however free from fellowship with slaveholders they may be, *unless* they belong to your society, and *if they do*, letting them off, with all their cherished connection with their pro-slavery sect, in the easy manner I shall notice presently, because they must be suffered to exercise their own religious opinions and usages unmolested! Your writers and lecturers have had some opportunity, I suppose, of knowing something of the scores and hundreds of thorough Anti-Slavery ministers and churches, composed mostly of members of the Liberty party. With one solitary exception, I cannot recall an instance in which any approving public notice was taken by them of this very laborious and self-sacrificing movement, the most severe to which Abolitionists have yet been called. I knew what it was to stand by the side of Garrison when he was far more unpopular than at present. I knew what it was to encounter the mobs, and to see a price advertised for my head, as well as his. But that was as nothing, in comparison with the deadly hate I now encounter daily, for my denunciations of pro-slavery voting, and for my instrumentality in organizing Anti-Slavery churches. But the first word of sympathy or encouragement from any of the prominent men of your society, has scarcely reached me. Perhaps I ought to except Samuel J. May, and I know not as he would thank me for the exception, as he does not follow my lead out of the pro-slavery churches. The National Anti-Slavery Standard, soon after its change of editors, did notice, respectfully, a secession church, in Fitchburg, and its pastor, Philo Pettibone, a pupil of President Green. The readers of the Standard and Liberator, in Europe and America, would never have known that any large number of Abolitionists, out of your society, had left the pro-slavery churches. Of this I complain that is not just, especially in connection with charges and statements they are constantly publishing. I ask that, *for once*, they shall give *my* statements of the facts. And I wish to tell some of your lecturers and writers, that their reproofs of the delinquencies of Liberty men would have more weight, if they would be more discriminating and impartial.

While one class of Abolitionists, as I have already noticed, lose their faith in their political parties, while they hope against evidence that their *churches* will come right, so another class, (including those who either hold no church relations or desire none,) seem equally ready to give up the churches, which it costs them little or no self-denial to do, and cling to their political parties in the equally unreasonable hope of bringing *them* to the right ground. It is quite remarkable that these latter should be found mostly in your society that makes so much of "moral suasion," and so little of political action. I am compelled to add, that some whose hatred of pro-slavery churches, is unquestioned, appear to hate *Anti*-Slavery churches quite as much.

Up to the time of your second revolution, in May, 1844, I knew, by my own observations, that your society was *not less* objectionable than the Liberty party, within the wide range of my travels, in the matter of connection with pro-slavery churches, so far, at least, as its members held any church relations at all. Its political position I consider to be far worse. The Chairman of your Executive Committee, and your assistant editor, openly advocated the election of Henry Clay, by co-operation with seven-eighths of all the pro-slavery ministers in the free States. The soft censures that fell on them for this dereliction, were lighter than feathers, while the heaviest bolts were reserved for those Abolitionists who, in political life, would not adhere to the so-called "moral suasion" policy of remaining in a corrupt party to purify it; (logic equally good in the Church.) Your denunciations of pro-slavery ministers and churches—and of the Liberty party for sustaining them—I heard, to be sure, and was as much perplexed to understand them, as I am still. That revolution in your policy, I hailed as a token for good. I trusted you were then taking a higher stand. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS?" Then the policy of remaining in the pro-slavery parties and churches, to reform them, was abandoned, of course. We should see no more of co-operating between "Old Organization-ists," and the supporters of Henry Clay. The note of denunciation against the pro-slavery churches and clergy, I supposed, would, thenceforth, have a meaning. I could not agree with many of your leaders, in their no-Government and no Church organization views. I could not receive their exposition of the Constitution, nor see the benefit of agitating Disunion, while a rational hope remained of abolishing Slavery by *means* of the "Union". You had your policy, and I had mine. But if I could not co-operate with you, I trusted you would do some good in your own way. That year I was mostly confined at home by ill-health, and afterwards, my travels were limited, my labours sedentary, my location secluded, and my newspaper reading limited. I was simple enough to take it for granted that those who wished to cling to their pro-slavery sects and parties, had left you, or felt themselves excluded. I was in the habit of telling Liberty men that you were ahead of them, on the *Church* question. The changed tone of the Standard led me to infer this. That letter from Ireland set me on inquiry, and on examination of my accumulated papers, I am beginning to learn how much I had been mistaken. I find your members still clinging to their pro-slavery parties and sects, with few exceptions, so far as I can learn, except in the case of those who receive the new doctrines of no outward Church—no civil Government, and of Disunion. How numerous these are, relatively, I can only conjecture. I infer that they are a minority of the society. The non-resistants in 1844, the National Anti-Slavery Standard estimated at less than one-tenth of the society. The Liberator, a few years previous, had called them, less than one hundred, in all New England. Since 1844, not a few non-resistants of some note, have relinquished their views, and openly joined the Whigs. I am surprised to hear that they are still members of your "DISUNION" society. You can say whether you think I err in supposing that a majority of the constitutional members of your society are still in the habit of voting at the polls; and that a majority of them who belong to *any* outward, visible Church, belong to what Birney calls "the bulwarks of American Slavery." If it be not so, I should be gratified with assurances of the fact.

While large and increasing numbers of our Liberty voters will not vote for candidates who belong to pro-slavery churches, and announce this in their conventions, I should like to hear of some *similar* movement among *your* voting members. I hardly see *how* they could move, without voting for Liberty candidates. A Whig or Democratic seceder from pro-slavery churches, I presume, is seldom found, unless we look among the Wesleyans to find them. The majority of Whig abolition candidates are probably attendants and supporters, if not members, of pro-slavery churches.

At the Cazenovia Convention, a resolution seems to have been introduced denouncing the Liberty party as pro-slavery, on account of their connection with the pro-slavery churches. Yet in that village, it seems, the friends of your old society were mostly in the same church with Liberty men, whatever its character may be. Dr. Rice, therefore, moved to amend, by inserting American Anti-Slavery Society after Liberty party. C. L. Remond considered "the amendment a Liberty party insult," and demanded whether "two wrongs made one right." Certainly not, Mr. Remond, but why should one wrong doer denounce another wrong doer, and then consider the reproof of his *own* wrong doing an "insult?" Dr. Rice also read the terms of admission of the American Anti-Slavery Society, going to show that it did not exclude members of pro-slavery churches and parties. What was the answer to this?

Mr. J. C. Hathaway had already said that the Liberty party, because it *was* a mere political party, *could not* take cognizance of all the Anti-Slavery character of its members as the American Anti-Slavery Society could, and did. [Put a pin there! The Anti-Slavery Society is then *bound* to take higher ground in its test of membership—particularly on the Church question—than the Liberty party, in the view of Mr. Hathaway, *can!*] J. C. Hathaway had also said, "the American Anti-Slavery Society *takes cognizance of the whole life of its members, touching Slavery.*" [Does it? We shall see how!] Dr. Hudson had also said:

"The Society interpreted and applied its own principles, and any person who proved recreant to the slave, was rebuked by the society in its stringent resolutions, *which amounted to excommunication.*"

[If the Liberty party might have the benefits of this cheap mode of purification, by "stringent resolutions (!!!)" it might, peradventure, come out as bright as the old society—much brighter than I fear either of them will on any other process.] After the "reading" by Dr. Rice, J. C. Hathaway said:

"There *were no* members of the society who do not cease to sustain Slavery in *Church and State*. Those who become members, and who are members of the American Society believe Slavery to be sinful. *What is it to believe?* By their LIFE give evidence that they consider Slavery sinful. The American Society takes cognizance of the LIVES of its members towards Slavery, and if they were false, as friend Hudson says, in its stringent resolutions, *excommunicate* them. So far as we can, we testify against them, before God and the world."

[If this be so, and if voting with the pro-slavery parties and sustaining "the bulwarks," be proving "false" to the slave, the numerical strength of the old society, I fear, would be reduced to a very small compass—perhaps "less than a tenth" of its nominal, or generally accredited statistics.]

It is quite remarkable that *these* expositions of the creed and usages of your society, in the *Standard*, come on the heels of the diametrically *opposite* exposition of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON in the *Liberator!** Let us compare the meridians of Boston and Cazenovia.

Mr. Garrison, December 18th, had taken me to task, for the unpardonable sin of *schism*, or "come out-er-ism" from the mother Society. I had pleaded, in extenuation of my offence, that the society, at various points, had given its sanction to principles and measures that I could not honestly approve. I mentioned the course of its official "Standard," in disparagement of secession from pro-slavery parties and churches. I hinted also my honest views in favour of wielding the right of suffrage, under the Federal Constitution, (as I understood it,) for the abolition of Slavery. Mr. Garrison, in connection with his charge of secession, had said:

"No believer in the inherent criminality of slaveholding is excluded from the American Anti-Slavery Society, whatever his religious or political faith, or whether he receives or rejects the doctrine of DISUNION."

As much as to say I could have had no just cause of secession. Sufficiently *Catholic*, to be sure, and somewhat *Roman!* I had no right, it seems, to secede, on the ground of my conscientious scruples or non-conformity, so long as the mother Church was so catholic as to permit me to *remain* there, on condition that I would manifest my *hypocrisy* by sustaining, with my money and membership, what I conscientiously believed to be *wrong!* The same ethics upon which so many Abolitionists continue to sustain "the bulwarks!" Surely, say they, we are to labour on in good hope of reclaiming them, so long as they do not cast us out!

Supposing it possible that I did not rightly understand Mr. Garrison, I propounded to him these queries:

May members in full communion with the pro-slavery churches—the bulwarks of American Slavery, be members of the American Anti-Slavery Society? I am sorry if this be so. I have a controversy with the Liberty party on this very account," &c. &c. "*Do you welcome* members of the pro-slavery Methodist Episcopal Church, Presbyterian Church, &c. to your society, *as good members?* If so, how are you purer than the Liberty party in this respect? And are members of the pro-slavery political parties *welcomed as faithful members* of your society?"

This appeared in the Liberator of Feb. 12, with Mr. Garrison's answer. He adverts again to the Constitution of the Society, and says:

"All who can subscribe to the doctrine that slaveholding is, under all circumstances, a sin against God, and that immediate emancipation is the duty of the master and the right of the slave, *are welcome to its membership.* The society *never has had the power* to cut off, or exclude any of its members, *however inconsistent* with their Anti-Slavery professions may be *their connection with a pro-slavery church or a pro-slavery party.* Perfect unanimity of opinion among them as to measures to be adopted, it does not expect or enforce. Its platform, therefore, is neither so narrow as to be uncharitable, nor too broad to be indiscriminate. *It is just what it should be. It leaves the conscience and intelligence of every member free to decide what shall be his relation to the* CHURCH *and to the* STATE, ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY."

In my reply, (see Liberator, March 12,) adverting to the language of the Society's Constitution, and Mr. Garrison's exposition of it, I inquired: "How do you ascertain who they are that *believe* in the inherent sinfulness of slaveholding? Do you know them by their *fruits?* or by their *professions?*" I showed him that the old Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal churches could, in the same way, prove themselves anti-slavery by their *creed*, while they thus indulged "the conscience and intelligence of its members free to decide" what should be their *practice?* I alluded to the seceding Anti-Slavery churches of Liberty Abolitionists—and I demanded of him how he could, with the present position of his society, (by his own showing,) arrogate for it the almost exclusive credit of being an Anti-Slavery body, while he denounced the Liberty party as pro-slavery, on account of its connection with pro-slavery churches? I asked him to tell me why the members of the Liberty party might not be "left free to decide" what churches they would support, as well as the members of *his* society?

And what does Mr. Garrison answer? Why! "The controversial viativeness of [Mr. Goodell] is amazing!" "The reading of it (my response) has strongly excited in (him) the most ludicrous emotions!" He must "throw down (his) pen, and hold (his) sides!" [The very best answer William Lloyd Garrison could make!]

I turn back to my files of the National Anti-Slavery Standard to see whether *its* expositions agree with those of the Liberator. I take up in the Standard of July 18, 1844, (since the new flag was raised,) an editorial on "Tests," and signed Q. The writer labours to throw off the "odium" of "Tests." He takes the same ground with Mr. Garrison. A member may "sustain a pro-slavery church or minister," and remain "a member" of the society "in full fellowship." "Mr. Child" may vote for "*Mr. Clay*," "Mr. Walker," for "Polk," or "Mr. Bradburn for Birney," if "fully persuaded in their own minds," though the writer contended, in another number, that Mr. Birney was the "most objectionable candidate of the three!"

Here is matter enough for many comments, but I forbear. Such documents tell their own story, and show up the course taken at the Cazenovia Convention in its true colours. My "controversial viativeness"—"amazing" as it may be, does not tempt me to contend further. I ask sober and conscientious men, whose "sides" do not need "holding" to ponder, and show themselves men.

Of my neighbour, J. C. Hathaway, I must needs inquire how he thinks his "excommunication" doctrine squares with the editorial expositions of the Liberator and Standard? I should like to know, if convenient, whether J. C. Hathaway considers *himself* "excommunicated" by the "stringent resolutions" of his society? Unless I greatly mistake, he belongs to one of the "bulwarks" himself, and could not easily be divorced from it—one of the very churches, that some members of the Liberty party belong to, and on account of which the party is denounced, on both sides of the Atlantic, as pro-slavery! J. C. Hathaway very well knows my position, and the Church reformatory efforts, of which I have spoken. Will he tell me whether he sat silent, without a blush, and heard the mention made of me by E. D. Hudson, without correcting him? J. C. Hathaway, with all his objections to the pro-slavery Liberty party, has expressed, in my hearing, his half readiness to smother his non resistance and go along with it, if it would but hoist the flag of free trade and woman's rights. I tell him he must quit that pro-slavery Church of his, before he gets a nomination or vote, for path-master, at the hands of William Goodell, and hundreds of Liberty men, hereabouts, who would have no other objection to him, unless it be the want of candour he manifests on this subject.

We have reached the bottom line. The Liberty party is pro-slavery because so many of its members belong to pro-slavery churches. The American Anti-Slavery Society is "just as it should be," in keeping company with the Liberty party in the same welcome reception and honour of such unfaithful members!

Seriously, the Liberty party and the American Anti-Slavery Society have *both* abundant occasion to look at home as well as abroad, to raise the motto "*excelsior*," (higher—still higher!) or else stand prepared to witness still *other* schisms and new organizations that will leave them both among the rubbish of the things that have been. Common sense is not yet an outlaw.

WILLIAM GOODELL.

HONEOYE, Ontario, Co. N. Y. April, 1847.

P. S. I meant to have alluded to another editorial of Mr. Garrison, (March 12,) on the Liberty party, &c. in which he repeated the old doctrine of your society that I have alluded to, viz: that the Liberty party was based upon an absurdity, because it was just as easy to convert men to abolition, *in* their old parties as *out* of them, and *when* converted, the old party would do as well as the new one. By the same reasoning, (as the Standard used to show us,) it was absurd to quit the pro-slavery churches and organize new ones: for the better way was to stay in the old churches and purify them. I am sorry that any Liberty men should reason in that manner. By the same logic I might prove the *Disunion* project an "absurdity." Only convert the Union to abolition and you need no dis-union. By means of Anti-Slavery *churches* and *parties*, we MIGHT abolitionize the Union. Make the trial, and if it fails, I go for Disunion too, though we should need Anti-Slavery churches and an Anti-Slavery party to bring it about. S. S. Foster partly discovers that truth.

W. G.

*I admit, too, the right and duty of *all* men, and all creeds, or of no creed, to condemn wickedness in the churches and ministry.

*And how happens it that the tone of "Old Organization" on the Church question, should be higher in the home and birthplace of the Liberty party—and in the midst of our secession churches, than elsewhere?

The Guilt of England.

LETTER No. III.

S. E. Morse, Esq. of the New-York Observer:

WILLIAMSBURGH, (L. I.) April 27, 1847.

SIR:—My daily avocations and domestic cares have, for the past two weeks, compelled me to suspend the continuation of my review of your letter. I now take the liberty of resuming it.

I trust that Dr. Farmer's letter, on the introduction of slaves into Georgia, as given in my last letter, (No. 2,) has, either by yourself, or some of your intelligent friends, been attentively read and considered. From the very scanty records to which my limited means, at present, give me access, I glean a few passages in relation to some of the other colonies. And though wanting in the fullness and precision which, in the present case, are so desirable, yet carefully weighed and considered, in connection with what we *do* know, more fully and accurately, these gleanings appear to me of great value. I was not without hope, indeed, that the delay on my part would have drawn from "your side of the house," some of the "documents," as PROOF of the assertions of your letter, which my first letter so loudly called for. In good time, however, I suppose we shall get your "strong reasons;" meanwhile, I offer my extracts.

In Graham's History of the Rise and Progress of the United States, at page 85, of the first volume, I find the following:

A Dutch ship from the Coast of Guinea having sailed up James' River, sold a part of her cargo of negroes to the planters. And as that hardy race was found more capable of enduring fatigue than Europeans, the number was increased by continual importation, &c.

A foot note refers to Beverley's History of Virginia, as authority for this fact. This took place in 1620, and is without doubt the first introduction of slaves or Slavery into any of the English colonies of North America.

At page 97, of the second volume, I find that, in 1669, the Proprietaries of the Carolinas enacted the far-famed "Constitutions of Carolina." These were the work of the celebrated John Locke, who is severely and justly reprehended by the historian, for that, among many other strange things in these Constitutions, they contained a declaration, that every *freeman of Carolina had absolute power and authority over his negro slaves.* For this the historian can find no excuse. For he says: "At this time, and long after, there were no negroes in the province, except a very small number whom Sir John Yeamans and his followers, had brought with him from Barbadoes."

Whether this last circumstance, of the fewness of the negro slaves at that time be stated correctly or otherwise, is not material in this place. For myself, however, I entertain strong doubts of its accuracy. But let that pass for the present. Now, if it be pretended that this clause of absolute power over the negro slave, affords some ground for the allegation of "entailment," then I reply, first, that in the remonstrances against those Constitutions, (and they appear to have been objects of supreme disgust to the colonists,) I cannot find that the article in question received one word of *especial* rebuke from them, or indeed any rebuke whatever. But secondly, were it true, (though I cannot find the slightest evidence of it,) that the colonists *did* remonstrate against this wicked clause, either generally or specially; and, if those *remonstrances were sincere*, then there could *now* be no question of "entailment," at all. For in 1693, after twenty-three years of trial, those Constitutions were totally abolished; and this obnoxious clause, of course was swept away with them.

To show, by inference, the feelings and views of the colonists in regard to Slavery in *general*, during the above period, I next refer to circumstances connected with the war of 1680, between the Indians, and the colonists of Carolina. You can find them in the second volume of Graham's History, pp. 134—136, from which I transfer the following condensed account, referring you for a fuller statement, to the original.

"So divided were the colonists among themselves," that the Governor found it necessary "to address himself to their selfish disposition," and "offered a price for every Indian who should be taken prisoner, and brought to Charleston." "The necessary funds were raised *by disposing of the captives to the traders who frequented the colony, and who sold them for* SLAVES IN THE WEST INDIES"! "This policy was productive of so much profit, and of enterprises so agreeable to the *temper* and *habits* of some of the planters, that the war was carried on with a vigour that soon enabled the Government to dictate a treaty of peace with the Indians. The PROPRIETARIES, desiring that this pacification should rest on a lasting and equitable basis, appointed Commissioners, who were empowered to decide all complaints between the contending parties in future, and declared that all the tribes, within four hundred miles of Charleston, were under their protection. But the practices that had been introduced during the war, had established themselves too strongly to be thus easily eradicated. Many of the colonists found it more profitable, as well as more agreeable, to traffic in the persons of the Indians, than to clear the forests, or till the ground." The humane interference of the proprietaries was long unavailing, "and it was not till after the most persevering and *vehement* remonstrances, [on *their* part,] that they were able to procure the enactment of a law to regulate, and at length utterly prohibit, this profligate and ignoble practice."

One more extract will finish *this* letter. Representative Government was first established in Maryland, in February, 1639.—2d vol. pp. 16, 17. "Slavery seems to have been established in Maryland from its earliest colonization; for an act of this Assembly* describes the people to consist of all Christian inhabitants, slaves only excepted."

P SHAPTER.

*1639—the colony was first established in the early part of 1633.

We are indebted to an esteemed friend, from whom we have often received similar favours, for the following communication:

MR. GAY:—I feel confident that the following extracts from a letter written by an eminent and highly-respected gentleman of Bristol, (England,) will be interesting to your readers at this time. The letter bears date April 2d. When I add that the writer has passed his sixtieth year, it will be seen that his strong and earnest expressions are not the result of youthful enthusiasm.

"On Tuesday, 30th ultimo, I went to London on purpose to attend the Soirée given to Frederick Douglass, previously to his departure. It was a most satisfactory one.

* * * * * *

"Frederick Douglass came to my house yesterday, and at night attended a large Anti-Slavery meeting of about one thousand people, when he made his last speech in England; and certainly his address was a very perfect one of its kind. You can hardly imagine the satisfaction he gives. There was probably not an individual in that large assembly, who was not *delighted* with his harangue of two hours and a quarter; and to shake hands with him, seemed to be felt an honour by the hundreds who crowded round him. * * The cordial and unanimous adoption of the resolutions was very imposing, and Frederick Douglass seems much pleased with them.*

"I have watched his course ever since he has been in England, and consider it a most creditable one to him. He might have made a good deal of money, and not dishonourably, had he paid much attention to pecuniary matters. But he has, I believe, entirely trusted to the liberality and management of his friends, only asking, for his energetic and really arduous efforts, "travelling expenses." The numerous friends he has made are most enthusiastic in their regard for him, and I doubt not he has received many proofs of it. * * * I must say that increased observation has tended only to raise my estimate of his heart and moral sentiments, as well as of his gifted understanding. * * * *

"His adherence to the "League," and his constant vindication of Mr. Garrison, have done him great honour.

"Joseph Parker has published the first volume of his "Library," which is on *American Slavery*. I have, at Mr. ———'s desire, [editor of a Monthly Journal in London,] written a *critical notice of it, which will appear in the May number.*

The following brief paragraph from HOWITT'S JOURNAL for March, I am sure you will be glad to print; it is a notice of a pamphlet entitled, *The "Christian Witness" examined, on a Defamatory charge of Infidelity against William Lloyd Garrison, Esq. President of the American Anti-Slavery Society, &c.:*

"One of the ablest and most complete refutations of a baseless and wicked slander on one of the best of men that ever was written. We rejoice to see Dr. Campbell so thoroughly condemned out of his own mouth. William Garrison, who in principle is a non-resistant, is styled a firebrand because he will not let the American slave-drivers brand their slaves with impunity. A most conscientious Christian, he is called an infidel, on the same principle that Christ himself was declared not fit to live—i. e. because he denounced in most unsparing terms—"Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!"—the orthodox time-servers of his day. William Lloyd Garrison will need no defender at the day when defence will be of the most consequence; but the cause of truth and freedom needs defence every day, and the author of this little work has done good service by it. We trust that it will be extensively read, and do not envy Dr. Campbell's feelings on the perusal of it."

*A copy of these resolutions was not sent, as intended.

A Sensible Fellow.—The N. O. Delta tells a story of a negro who was seen digging a hole in the sand to hide himself during the attack on Vera Cruz. On being asked what he was about, he replied, "I is 'fraid some ob dem 'ere copper balls will put a stop to me drawin' my rashuns." "Why," asked the party speaking to him, "don't you get up and fight them?" "No sir-ee!" he said, "dat's my massa's part ob de bizness; he done been to Wes-pint, where dey makes fightin' people to learn dat, and you don't ketch dis nigger meddlin' he-sef wid odder peoples' bizness."

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1847.

American Anti-Slavery Society.

THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the TABERNACLE, BROADWAY, N. Y. on TUESDAY, the 11th day of MAY. The increasing interest in the Anti-Slavery cause promises an unusually large and important meeting.—The bold encroachments of the slave power upon the rights of the North, and the active measures of the slaveholders to extend and perpetuate the curse of human bondage, are awakening the people to a sense of their position both as oppressors and oppressed. All the activity and zeal of the friends of the slave are needed to arouse the country to the conviction that the only safety of the whole PEOPLE is in adopting the principle of the American Anti-Slavery Society, of

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

The business meetings, which will continue in session from Tuesday noon to Thursday evening, will be held in the APOLLO SALOON, 410, Broadway.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, } Secretaries.
S. H. GAY, }

The Standard of Orthodoxy.

Our neighbour, the Observer, is perhaps the best accredited organ of the piety of the orthodox Church of this country, and speaks *ex cathedra* on all subjects relating to ethics and religion. It does not, moreover disdain all worldly policy, and as, if we may venture to say so, the Church is not altogether above and beyond the things of this world, the Observer is careful not to get in advance of the Church. Neither is it behind it. It has a wholesome regard for well-filled mail-books, and is equally careful not to maintain the doctrine that was popular last year, but is not so this, as it is to uphold that which is liked now, but may not be in a twelve-month. He will not be far from wrong, who takes its standard as that which the Church approves and the world applauds. Its view of the Mexican war, therefore, is valuable. Hear it:

"It is in the power, and we trust, in the purposes of God, to make this war contribute to the political and moral renovation of Mexico. The printing-press and the Bible, the schoolmaster and the colporteur will follow the army, and when the latter retires the former will remain; the people now ridden, crushed, and cursed by petty tyrants and wicked priests, will learn the principles of civil and religious freedom: popery, the sworn and natural enemy of liberty, will be compelled to quail before the advancing light of truth, and institutions embracing the rights of man, and providing for the progress of society will be established, and thus a new era will be opened in the history of that debased and miserable people."

"The sworn and natural enemy of liberty," we need not remind our readers, has abolished chattel Slavery in Mexico, and the "rights of man" which the "advancing light of truth" is to establish, are the rights of slaveholders to open a new market for "niggers," and make more cotton and sugar. This is orthodox Christianity in this most Christian Republic, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven.

But we wonder that our devout neighbour should not acknowledge that there is any distinction between the army, and the company of good men, armed with the printing-press and the Bible, who are to follow it. If the Providence of God has anything to do with this "political and moral renovation of Mexico," which the model Republic has so kindly taken in hand, surely it is not for fallible mortals to make invidious comparisons between the instruments of the Almighty's choosing. Is not the army itself a noble band of Christian martyrs, willing to encounter death by the sword and the pestilence; that the blessings of the Gospel may be shed upon a "debased and miserable people," and the reign of "petty tyrants and wicked priests" be terminated? We are persuaded that the Observer thinks so. It should not be understood, therefore, as denying the high character of our Christian soldiery, but simply as asserting that schoolmasters and colporteurs will come to take the place of those who have fallen martyrs to their zeal in the holy crusade. Such for instance as the following, mentioned by the Observer:

Captain Vinton, who fell in the seige of Vera Cruz, was a pious man, and was designing to leave the army to serve the Prince of Peace in the ministry of the Gospel.

Col. Hardin, who fell at the battle of Buena Vista, was an Elder in the Presbyterian Church, in Illinois.

The "advancing light of truth," however, is in some little danger of growing dim in another light which sheds its baneful influence in those benighted regions where the new era is to be opened. The Observer stands ready to interpose a saving hand for its protection. Gen. Scott and his officers, it seems, have attended church in Vera Cruz. We cannot help wondering if it was the one where a bomb-shell burst, and spattered the altar with the blood and brains of fifteen praying women,—though that is nothing to the present purpose. They went to church, much to the astonishment—and no wonder—of the Mexicans, and the General was the first to whom a long lighted candle was handed, which, says the account, he "received solemnly, and held for a long time lighted, in his hand." Good man! What contrite tears must the husbands, and brothers, and lovers, of the fifteen women have shed at such a sight, if they had indulged in any purely revengeful feelings towards the man who could thus solemnly hold a long wax candle! But the Observer, though it rather approves of toleration, is scandalized at the General's conduct. Of the fifteen women it says nothing. Indeed, of the hundreds of men, women, and children, whose blood stained their own hearth-stones in that city, it has no sentimental nonsense. "But," it says, "it is painful and disgusting to think of Gen. Scott holding a lighted candle in the day-time, while he says his prayers! This is conformity to idolatrous customs, which a good conscience would forbid." It is high time the colporteurs were on their way to Mexico, to put a stop to this dreadful shedding of so much innocent wax, and to bring our army to a proper appreciation of the behaviour which a "good conscience" should demand of a Christian—not to say orthodox—soldier.

In looking over the last number of Blackwood, a day or two since, we were struck with a passage in review of Carlyle's Cromwell. We venture to quote it, nothwithstanding it was written by one of that vile and wicked nation, which an absent editor of the Observer has attempted to prove is responsible for that national inconvenience of ours, for the removal of which, the orthodox Church is so anxious. The writer is speaking of the Puritans of Cromwell's time, who, whatever their other faults may have been, had at least the merit of not being hypocrites, and were no worse, if they were not a great deal better, than the world around them. His remarks are peculiarly apposite to the subject of this present writing, and sums up all that we would add, ready made to our hand:

"If there is one spectacle more odious than another, of all which history presents to us, whether it take place amongst Mahometan or Christian, Catholic or Protestant, it is this:—to see men practising all the horrible brutalities of war, treading down their enemies, doing all that rage and the worst passions prompt, and doing all amidst exclamations of piety, devout acknowledgments of submission to Divine will, and professions of gratitude to God. Other religious factions have committed far greater atrocities than the Puritans, but nowhere in history is this same spectacle exhibited with more distasteful and sickening accompaniments. The Moslem thanked God upon his sword in at least a somewhat soldierly manner; and the Catholic, by the very pomp with which he chants his *Te Deum*, somewhat conceals the meaning of his act, and, keeping God a little out of sight, makes his mass express the natural feeling of human triumph. But the sleek Puritan, at once grovelling and presumptuous, mingles with his sanguinary mood all the morbid, sickly conceit, all the crawling, affected humility of the Conventicle. All his blood-sheds are "mercies," and they are granted in answer to his long and miserable prayers—prayers which, to a man of rational piety, sound very much like blasphemies. He carries with him to the battle-field, to the siege, to the massacre, not one even of those generous feelings which war itself permits towards a foe. He chooses to call his enemy the enemy of God, and kneels before he fights, that the inexpressible *mercy* may be granted of cutting his throat."

Treatment of Douglass on board the British Steamship Cambria.

On our first page will be found a letter from Frederick Douglass, giving a very clear account of the treatment received by him on his departure from England. In the Liverpool Mercury we observe a letter from William Shortt, of Dublin, in which the same facts are stated, and upon which the editors of the Mercury—the most influential paper in Liverpool—comments as follows, under the head of DISGRACEFUL PERSECUTION:

We have received the following narrative, and, disgraceful as it is that a human being should be wronged, insulted, and tabooed on board a vessel in the service of Great Britain, for no other reason than the colour of his skin, we are afraid that there is no ground whatever for questioning its accuracy. It relates to Frederick Douglass, the fugitive slave, now happily free, whose lectures on Slavery have created a powerful sensation in this country.

We trust that the friends of the coloured man, the friends rather of justice and humanity, will not let this matter rest here. Mr. Cunard, or whoever else it may be, under whose orders this Liverpool agent has acted, should be made to feel the weight of indignation and contempt which such base pandering to a wicked and brutal prejudice deserves. We trust that British Abolitionists will look to it that when Americans go abroad they may find at least this change—that the sign of "No NIGGERS ALLOWED HERE!" is not permitted in fact nor in spirit on British soil or British vessels. In Heaven's name let there be one country where the slaveholder and his friends may understand that the morality of the slave-ship is properly appreciated and detested, and the bearing of the overseer is not submitted to. The spirit which sends Frederick Douglass to a cabin by himself in the Cambria, crowds the between decks of the slave-ships of the "Middle Passage" with their wretched cargoes. If the Cunard steamships are disposed to carry on this modified form of the Slave-Trade between Boston and Liverpool, let them have a monopoly of it. The line should be distinguished as the slave-line, and devoted exclusively to the accommodation of American slaveholders, and such of their servants, whether white or coloured, as are disposed, or are obliged, to resort to it. British travellers should at least show their detestation of the truckling conduct of the agents of this line by refraining from taking passage in the Cambria.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.—We are glad to learn from the Bugle, that J. W. Walker, of Ohio, will be present at the Anniversary of the American Society, on Tuesday next. The speakers on that occasion then will be as we announced them last week:

GARRISON,
WALKER,
DOUGLASS,
PHILLIPS.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones, the editors of the Bugle, we are happy to hear, will also be present at the meetings.—Those who were present at the anniversary two years since, will not have forgotten the able speech of Mrs. Jones—then J. Elizabeth Hitchcock—at that time.

From all that we hear from various quarters, the meeting is likely to be an unusually large one, and, of course, of great interest.

☞ Mr. WEBSTER has commenced his Southern tour, and was entertained by the citizens of Richmond at a public dinner on Friday last. We do not find in the report of the proceedings any allusion whatever to the heavenly bodies. Mr. Webster, however, said in his speech that he wanted no better epitaph on his monument than, "HERE LIES ONE WHO WISHED WELL TO THE CONSTITUTION OF HIS COUNTRY."

We would suggest whether it would not be more desirable to have the Constitution buried with him, with the epitaph, "In death they were not divided." He need not live to be an old man for that.

☞ A Baptist preacher from Illinois, was killed at the battle of Beuna Vista. He was about his Master's business, whether his livery was a black coat or a red one.

PARDON.—We are glad to learn that a pardon has been extended to the editor of the Pittsburg Mystery, who, it will be recollected, was convicted of a libel, he not being permitted to give the truth in evidence, and sentenced to pay a fine of $150. The whole editorial corps of the city, as well as many other distinguished citizens, united in the petition to Governor Shunk. Such a testimonial of the esteem in which Dr. Delany—who is a coloured man—is held by his fellow townsmen is highly honourable to him.

THANKSGIVING.—The Pittsburg Mystery says that several of the ministers of the Philadelphia churches resolved to celebrate Sunday last as a day of thanksgiving for the passage of the new law in Pennsylvania, relative to fugitives. We presume the clergymen referred to are of the coloured churches.

A CHILD KIDNAPPED.—The Village Register, published at Salem, Ohio, says that a little girl (coloured) was kidnapped in that town on the 25th ultimo. The kidnapper pretended to come from a man with whom a brother of the child lived, with directions to take her there, and no suspicion was excited till sometime after he had gone. Pursuit was made as soon as the real state of the case was known, but the scoundrel had crossed the line, and was safe in Virginia with his prey.

CHARITY LECTURE.—Mrs. Paulina S. Wright gave a lecture at the Apollo Saloon, on Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the Female Department of the Prison Association. We regret that this generous act on her part was not properly responded to by a larger audience.

WM. HAYDEN, senior editor of the Boston Atlas, retired from that paper

tunate termination. Cromwell was seized by his pretended owner, assisted by some harpies of the law, but succeeded, by screaming, in attracting the attention of some coloured people, and was rescued. The kidnapper was indicted, and is lodged in jail to await his trial.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The National Era reminds us that we have copied the decision of the Supreme Court in the Van Zandt case from that paper without credit. We heartily beg pardon. The credit was omitted simply because we supposed the decision, like the arguments of counsel, was published in pamphlet form, from which anybody was at liberty to copy, and that it did not, therefore, belong to the Era. We hasten to make the proper acknowledgment. This sort of injustice we never intentionally commit, though we have great reason to complain of it in others.

The Express regrets that the Senate of Massachusetts refused to thank General Taylor for performing services which they professed to hold in utter detestation:

"Because such votes disarm Massachusetts of her moral power in the Union, and convert what might be, from its intellect and wealth, a leading State of the Confederacy, into a mere *Province*. Her citizens are thus made to become, in Washington, *provincials*, instead of what they ought to be, National Republicans. In short, old, honourable, and illustrious Massachusetts loses her hold on the Union, not only by thus running counter to all public sentiment, but what is of more importance, by running wrong."

These are the sentiments of thorough knavery. The Senate of Massachusetts, acting according to their oaths and consciences, refuse to approve conduct which is in violation of their own ideas of rights, and for this high-mindedness and purity of motive, a time-serving, political editor expresses a regret, fearing that their honesty will diminish their popularity. But what can be expected from an editor who professes to believe in the necessity of evil. The same paper says. "Soldiers by *profession*, as lawyers, and doctors are, are evils, it may be, but such necessary evils, that we cannot safely dispense with them." Of course, those who believe in the necessity of evil, will do their utmost to preserve it; and we have in this little text the secret of the opposition made by the Express to every attempt at removing the evils which afflict the human race. It is perfectly natural that the believers in a doctrine so purely satanic, should be bitter and malignant opponents of free-trade, abolitionism, anti-hanging, and every other anti-wickedness, and barbarous practice of society and human law. But after all, why should be wonder at the opposition of such a press to evil, when it is from the evils of society that it draws its chief support. The devil is good to his own, is an old proverb, and the reverse is equally true, for his own are good to the devil.—B.

☞ The Oberlin Evangelist says that a new work, entitled, "Prison Life and Reflections," by George Thompson, who was not long since released from the Missouri Penitentiary, is about to be published. The Evangelist speaks of the book in high terms of praise.

☞ A great parade and illumination is to come off in this city to-morrow, to celebrate the success of the robber-war in Mexico. The flags are to be hoisted at half-mast, and the bells tolled an hour on Saturday, in token of grief that anybody was killed, except the Mexicans.

ANTI-CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—We would remind those of our readers who intend being in New-York next week, that the Anniversary of the Anti-Capital Punishment Society is to be on Monday evening, at the Apollo Saloon. Distinguished speakers are expected to address the meeting.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from our Dublin Correspondent.

"Opportunities."—Visit of Douglass—His Progress—His Purchase.—Rapid decline of O'Connell—His Travelling Companion, Dr. Miley.—The Boy and the Man.—Probable Successor to Archbishop Murray.—A Priest on a Gala-day.—Friends' Central Relief Committee of Dublin.—Assistance Rendered by them.—Money from Slaveholders.—Difference between the Starving Irish and American Slaves.—Condition of the People in the West of Ireland.—Absentees.—Landlords.—A Third Party.—Strictures on a Letter of H. C. Wright.—Course Pursued by the Government.—Anti-Repeal.—Amended Poor Law.—Opinion of Archbishop Whateley.—Improvidence and Idleness of the people.—Instance of it.—Involved Condition of Affairs.—A Proposition of the late Admiral Coffin.—One Probable Result of it.—Pestilence.—Speculation.—Pro-Slavery Pamphlets.—Clerical Defenders of Slavery.—A Bible Argument.—Shocking Condition of the People as related by an Eye-Witness.

DUBLIN, 30th March, 1847.

MY DEAR GAY:—In the good old times when steam was a novelty, gas a new invention, before railways were thought of outside "the coal districts," and locomotive engines altogether unknown; oh! what a blessed thing was "an opportunity." Then, when anybody meant to go anywhere, and said so, everybody else caught up the news with delight, for here was such a glorious "opportunity" of writing to distant friends, and outwitting his Majesty's post-office—and "the boldest held his breath for a time," amid the rustling of letter paper, and the scratching of pens. Now, nobody within the limits of the Three Kingdoms cares much for an opportunity, thanks to Rowland Hill and the penny postage. But it is another matter when you have friends in America, particularly if, as in my case, the shillings are not as plenty as blackberries. The long and the short of all this is, that since Frederick Douglass means to return to America on the 4th of next month, I am rejoicing in "the opportunity." He has now been about twenty months in these countries, and I trust his visit has been profitable to himself as I am sure it has been to the Anti-Slavery cause. Although I have had but little intercourse with him since he visited us, in company with James N. Buffum, soon after he crossed the Atlantic, I have heard of his progress from time to time. That his course should have been distinguished by great ability will surprise nobody. But that he should have borne himself so steadily as he has done, amidst much flattery, and praise enough to turn most people's heads, and that he has been uniformly faithful and firm to the Anti-Slavery cause and its best friends, through evil report and through good report, is worthy of all praise. There is no doubt that if he had been willing to sell this jewel *consistency* for a mess of pottage, he might have got a good large one from the "British and Foreign" Committee, and a gold spoon to eat it with into the bargain. He came to Great Britain a slave, and he returns a freeman—though I say it who had nothing to do with the prodigious metamorphosis. I was one of the first consulted as to the, propriety of the purchase, and I gave my voice against it; and although I doubt not the transition has been most satisfactory to Frederick himself, I remain unconvinced by all the arguments that have been adduced for this particular case of slave-dealing. Although I am glad that Douglass is nobody's property, I cannot but think it was a foolish thing to pay so much money for him to one who had no more right to the cash than I had. Besides, he was a grand slave, and to make him a freeman by the Southern plan, of cash in hand and the possession of free papers, makes too little of such a glorious Numidian as he is.

It is remarkable that O'Connell should disappear from the political stage in this strange crisis of Ireland's history. The great Agitator is not dead, but from reports in the newspapers, and from what I gather from those who have seen him lately, and conversed with him, it seems unlikely that his voice will ever again be heard in public. He is in a state of great mental and physical depression. The ready wit, the masterly intellect, the wonderful power of repartee, sarcasm, denunciation and pathos, have disappeared; he is despondent, and dreads the approach of death. There is much in the accounts that reach us of him that reminds me of the state of prostration in which Sir Walter Scott's latter days were spent. How changed he is now, since the "great Repeal year of 1843," when open-air meetings, sometimes consisting of hundreds of thousands, convulsed the country from end to end, and one of the most inflammable people in the world were wrought up into a perfect agony of expectation, looking for the avatar of that mysterious "repale," which noboby that I ever met with understood or could define. By the last accounts, O'Connell was in Paris, on his way to Italy, for the benefit of his health. He is accompanied by one of his sons, and his chaplain, the Reverend Doctor Miley, Doctor of Divinity. This gentleman was a schoolfellow of mine. He was then a quiet little country boy, with freckled face, and russet, homely clothes, the son of a poor Kildare miller. When I next saw him he had undergone a great transformation. He was dressed in fine broadcloth of priestly black, and clerical fashion, his countenance had the air of refinement acquired by a residence of some years in Italy;—he wore his hair long, had a reverend air, and looked much like the stuff that clever cardinals and courtly abbes were made of when the Church ruled the roast in Christendom. It is said that he he is the destined successor to Dr. Murray, the present aged Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin—and doubtless he will become the dignity very well, for he has just that kind of cleverness which will enable him to turn it to the best advantage for that sagacious priesthood to which he belongs. The last time I saw him was in a position that would make the Yankees stare at a priest. When O'Connell and his fellow traversers were freed from prison, in 1844, by the decision of the House of Lords, Dublin was convulsed with delight—(Catholic Dublin, I mean,) and a grand procession was marshalled for the purpose of escorting him in state from the prison to his own home in Merrion Square. It was a prodigious procession—I never saw a greater number of people in the streets. And a gaudy triumphal car was prepared for O'Connell on the occasion. A busy day he had of it, bowing and smiling to the delighted multitude. At his feet, looking so calm and priestly, sat his reverend chaplain, and sanctifying by his presence the triumph of the day, and shadowing forth the union of Church and State that we may look forward to when the union with Great Britain is repealed.

I send herewith a copy of the "Second number of the Extracts from Correspondence," published by the Friends' Central Committee. It will give you a clearer idea of the present state of Ireland, than anything I could tell you. This document extends to sixty-four closely printed pages; and of these, sixteen contain a tabular view of the grants of food and money made by the Committee up to sometime in last month. You will observe that the number of grants is very great—that they have been dispensed to nearly every county in Ireland, and though sometimes as high as £50, they are generally not more than £10, and sometimes do not exceed £5. Opposite the names of a large proportion of the grantees you will find the letters *clk.* for clericus, clerk, or clergyman. These gentlemen are Church of England clergymen, and are generally the representatives of the local committees that have applied for relief from the suffering districts. The absence of any class between the wealthy (or apparently wealthy) and the very poor, must be difficult for an American to comprehend. The nearest approach you make to this state of things is, I suppose, in some parts of the South, where there are only rich slaveholders, their slaves, and the poor whites. The Roman Catholic priest, the Church of England clergyman, and the doctor, are often, in large tracts of the west of Ireland, the only representatives of the class which forms the majority of your New England population. As the Church of England clergy are paid directly by the landlords, and the Catholic priest directly by the people, the former is the safer trustee in the distribution of bounty, as he is removed from temptation to select any but the most destitute objects for relief. There is an inducement for the priest to help those who will help himself in return. All history and all experience proves, that the majority of the priesthood of all creeds are only *men*, moved by the ordinary motives that sway the mass of mankind. In a country like Ireland, that has been so long a prey to all kinds of corrupt influences, you may be sure that those who are entrusted with funds for the relief of distress, have an extremely difficult card to play, in order to meet the wishes of the donors.

Upwards of £11,000 were received by the Cambria, and the Committee will thus be enabled to extend the amount of assistance to the more distressed districts. They have prepared a "Third number of the Extracts," made up of letters, or extracts of letters received from the United States, and containing, or announcing remittances. £1,200 comes from Charleston, and £1,300 from Maryland. This, of course, is not all honest money, and some members of the Committee protest against accepting it—and in this view they are strongly supported by Wm. Forster, an English Friend, who has spent several months in travelling throughout the most distressed districts, dispensing the bounty of his countrymen. Notwithstanding all the misery and starvation he witnesses, such is his sense of the iniquity of Slavery, (which he has also seen in America,) that he objects to the receipt of the slaveholder's money. In a letter from a quondam Irishman, announcing the transmission of money from New-York, he remarks that the condition of our starving poor is infinitely worse than that of the Southern slave. This gentleman is one of that large class "who hate Slavery as much as anybody." Well, just at the present time, there can be no doubt, that so far as respects the mere supply of food, the ill-fed slave is better off than the starving Irishman. Yet, I am sure, there is not a peasant in Ireland, dying with hunger, on his naked cabin floor, who would consent to purchase food and competence for his perishing family, on the condition that, when restored to health and plenty, they should become the property of any man. From the tenor of many of the American letters to the Central Committee, I imagine the writers conclude that nearly all the people of Ireland are pretty much on the same level of destitution and distress. This is by no means the case. There is very considerable distress throughout the whole country, resulting from the loss of the potato crop, but it is along the western coast, and in the western counties, that Famine and Pestilence are making their most fearful ravages. It is there that the landlords are most bankrupt, and the peasantry the most downtrodden. In the reports I send you, you will find that the counties of Cork, Kerry, Clare, Galway, Mayo, and Donegal, contain the most wretched population. These all lie along the Atlantic coast. You have heard much of the evils arising from absentee proprietors. Yet it is a curious fact, which I have from excellent authority, that in proportion to the property of resident as compared with absentee landlords, £3 have been contributed by the latter to the relief of the prevailing distress, for £1 given by the former. The fact is, that with some splendid exceptions, the landocracy of Ireland are a selfish, grasping, and ruthless set of men, aliens in their feelings and prejudices to the land of their birth, and looking on the people only as sponges, to be squeezed for their own advantage.

In confirmation of this opinion I give you the following extract from the London Morning Chronicle, which I met with after I wrote the last sentence. They object to the new Poor Law bill, but say that such is the odium into which the Irish landlords have brought themselves, that the bill is likely to pass all the sooner, *because* they are so fiercely opposed to its provisions. The Chronicle then observes as follows:—"The Irish landlords have had Ireland in their hands, and they have made her what she is. Their selfish extravagance, their slothful neglect, their merciless tyranny, their exactions of rents, 'squeezes' as Swift said long ago, 'out of the very blood, and victuals, and clothes, and dwellings of their tenants, who live worse than English beggars,' have been the fruitful causes of that deep-rooted distress, that depression of energy, and that slavish disposition to cope with superior power, by the arts of cunning and falsehood, which make the unhappy peasantry of Ireland so helpless under a calamity like the present, and so hard to be helped by others."

If you ever look into the English papers, you will occasionally see a reference to "the Irish Party." This is a new party, formed of the Irish nobility and gentry for the purpose of taking care of themselves in the course of the measures called for at the hands of Government, in consequence of the famine in Ireland, and the probability of burdens being placed upon the land for the support of the poor. This "party" consists of Orangemen and Repealers, Whigs and Tories, Protestants and Catholics, all gentlemen, all landlords, all aristocrats, and all determined to give as little as they can help, and to throw as much as possible from off their own shoulders upon the shoulders of other people. This has long been the disposition of the Irish gentleman—not because he is an Irishman—but owing to the false relative position in which ages of war, conquest, confiscation, and oppression have placed the gentry and the peasantry—the descendants of the conquerors and of the conquered in regard to one another.

In one of the last batch of Liberators (we get four at a time) there is a letter from H. C. Wright, (who, by the way, is sitting at my elbow—"hale, and weel, and leevin',") which contains some expressions which I consider eminently unjust. This is often the case with men who are too much bent upon saying what they have to say, to take the trouble to review their words. He writes:—"Famine is stalking over Ireland, and cutting down its daily victims. The Government does little or nothing to supply the starving, but pour its troops into Ireland to shoot the people, if they will not consent to be starved quietly and peaceably." Now, I do not believe that, since the world began, such exertions have been made by any Government to prevent suffering, and assuage the progress of disease and death as have been made, and are being made, by the Imperial Government at the present time. Until within a few days, eight hundred thousand men have been employed on public works, chiefly road-making, for the purpose of maintaining them and their families, and at a higher rate of wages than ever was paid before in Ireland in any one winter, to so large a number of individuals. Ten millions of money have been granted by Parliament for this and other objects connected with the relief of distress. The labours and anxieties of the Government on behalf of Ireland have been incessant for many months past, and I believe with the sincerest desire to benefit the country and its people. We have soldiers in Ireland, it is true; but I have heard of no remarkable influx of troops, nor of any case in which they have been called upon to shoot people who would not quietly consent to starve. In fact, the starvation has mostly been going on in parts, where a soldier is rarely ever seen. No later than this morning, I read in the proceedings in Conciliation Hall the fiercest invectives against "the stony-hearted Government," of Lord John Russell; and a priest, writing from Waxford, denounces that Government, and the Government of all aliens. It is certain that the Irish poor were as much distressed before the Union as they have been since, and that there was nothing in the system pursued by the Irish Parliament which would have rendered the Potato Blight a less disastrous occurrence "in the good old times," than it has been in the present day. My belief is that we could not have worse rulers than our own native patriots. It is not many months ago since O'Connell said of the Young Irelanders that they were the most eloquent and the silliest set of young fellows to be found anywhere; and they were by no means slow in returning the compliment. I am one of that numerous class in Ireland who think that in a native Parliament, the Roman Catholic priesthood would be lords of the ascendant, and whatever may be thought of my patriotism, I am not ashamed to say that I greatly prefer our present alien rulers to any hierarchy, though they be ever so Irish.

An amended poor-law is in progress through Parliament, by which, in certain cases, the unemployed able-bodied will be entitled to out-door relief. Hitherto, no relief was afforded under the poor-law unless the applicant became an inmate of one of the work-houses. It is thought that this measure will have an effect upon landed property, in consequence of the burdens it will entail, equivalent to confiscation, especially if, as is commonly the case in Ireland, the property be already encumbered by settlements, and mortgages. Dr. Whately, the celebrated and beneficent Archbishop of Dublin, in his place in the House of Lords, strongly condemns this measure. He declares that the amount of destitution in Ireland is already greater than the proceeds of the land can support; so that even if no rent were asked, no man would farm it subject to the new poor rate. He thinks it would be better for the Government to confiscate the land at once, and to take it into their own hands, giving the owners such pensions as they thought sufficient for *Irish* landlords. He thinks the people improvident, and inclined to dependence to an extent he had never seen equalled in any country called civilized. As an instance of this, he mentioned that in a sea-coast village in the county of Cork, there lived a number of fishermen, who were in the habit of getting abundance of fish at a bank about twenty miles from shore. Since the distress they had remained idle, although the fish were swimming almost in sight, fully satisfied with the miserable soup they received from charity. He had proposed to fit out these fishermen with food and tackling for the voyage; but he had been told by persons on the spot that it would be no use, for that if provisions were sent to sea, the men would land at night, consume their sea store, and return to the soup kitchens. I have myself heard statements to a similar effect. And it is as I before mentioned, along the western coast where these habits peculiarly prevail, and where potatoes have formed the only diet of the people that this most terrible distress prevails.

The fact is, that this country is a tangled skein, and I fear it will be long before any one will be found able to do much for us, until we take up the unfashionable notion, that we must first try and help ourselves. We are like some foolish people, so addicted to the use of physic that we wonder why we are never well, yet neglect the ordinary means of air and exercise, which are indispensable to the preservation of health. We are always crying out for the doctor—never contented unless we have Dr. O'Connell, or Dr. Peel, or Dr. Russell, or Dr. Mac Hale at our bedside. A queer old fellow, a Sir Isaac Coffin, for many years member of Parliament, was so annoyed by the continued iteration of Irish affairs, that he proposed a violent hydropathic remedy. It was simply this, that the Island should be laid under water for 24 hours. If his advice had been taken, much of the misery that has since taken place would have doubtless been prevented—and your eyes would have also been saved the trouble of deciphering these hieroglyphics.

To the horrors of famine are now added those of pestilence. One is sure to follow the other—and at the present time fever is frightfully prevalent in the city of Cork. In a letter received from there yesterday, one of our friends mentions that of the Poor-law guardians, who visited the work-house on a certain day, six took the contagion, and three of them have died. This disease is greatly dreaded by our poor people—and its prevalence will greatly add to the horrors arising from other causes. It will effectually deter all but the most devoted and most heroic from entering the wretched abodes in which the pestilence is raging.

And yet, amidst all this suffering, I never remember so have heard of so many fortunes being made, or so much money cleared as since the prevalence of this distress. The dealers in tea, coffee, and all kinds of provision, appears to be very prosperous, and immense sums have been realized by the early speculators in Indian corn. Since the last arrivals, the price of American produce has fallen considerably, and it is likely that many speculators will burn their fingers. In proportion as the supplies are increased by the opening of your rivers and canals, we may expect a very great change in prices, which will be extremely welcome to the consumers, however unpleasing it may be to that useful, but much maligned class, the importers.

It would not be right to close this letter without informing you of the recent appearance on this side of the Atlantic, of a class of pro-slavery literature, which, for effrontery could not be excelled by anything that has proceeded from the pens of the most distinguished Southern divines. A letter of 32 octavo pages, addressed to James Haughton, signed Philanthropos, entitled "Slavery not Immoral," has just been published in Dublin, and on looking over the pages of Douglas Jerrold's weekly newspaper, I find a notice of "Letters on the Slave-Trade," by the Rev. Henry Palmer, A. M., a Church of England clergyman. The object of the first is to show that the system of Slavery, *in the abstract*, is not immoral, and the latter attempts to prove that the Slave-Trade was specially enjoined upon the Israelites, and therefore cannot be sinful now.

Both these writers make free use of the Old Testament—and like all pro-slavery writers, do their best to overwhelm it with disgrace. I hope better things for the cause of truth, justice, and humanity, than to believe that even if it could be proved to everybody's satisfaction, that Slavery and the Slave-Trade were actually enjoined and fully recognized in the Hebrew Scriptures, the rising tide against these iniquities would be quelled or abated by one hair's-breadth. I would rather believe that any number of old writers had erred, or that any quantity of glosses and errors had crept into the copies of their manuscripts than admit that what is so plainly nefarious and detestable now, could have been a whit less so three thousand years ago. If I can find my copy of "Slavery not Immoral," I will send it to you. It is worthy of Bishop Meade. I will also send you a copy of James Haughton's reply. The "Thoughts on the Slave-Trade" I have not seen. I think it likely both these productions might trace their appearance to the influence of some of the American lights of the Evangelical Alliance. At any rate it is well that what is *in* should show itself. We will then be the better able to know what we have to contend with. It is odd that Jack Ketch, and Hope H. Slatter should find in the clergy their staunchest friends, and in the pages of Moses their most potent arguments.

This morning an English friend breakfasted with me—William Bennett, formerly of London, and now of Ross, Herefordshire. He is a wealthy man, and having retired from business, devotes much of his time and money to the promotion of good things. He has just now returned from a tour, much of which was performed on foot, into some of the most suffering districts of Mayo and Donegal. He declares that in the former of these counties—especially upon the sea-coast, the destitution and misery and starvation are such as cannot be imagined—and that so horrified did he feel by the sights he saw in the Mullet, a peninsula on the coast of Mayo, that he had not the heart to write the description of it for two or three days. On Arranmore, an island off the coast of Donegal, there is a wretched population of about 1500 souls—the only employment he saw among them was one old woman knitting—all the looms idle, not a plough in the field, nothing to earn, no seed, no means to do anytning—but plenty to be done. And the state of things he thinks more likely to get worse than to improve. One result of this deplorable state of things is, that it has shown forth many of the few who are better off, in the most lovely light, as angels of mercy to the poor and suffering. He says that several of the Church of England clergy and their families appear to devote body, soul, and spirit to this work of mercy. And there could not be a more impartial witness than he is.

Yours, ever truly,
RICHARD D. WEBB.

To Correspondents.

C. C. B. Yes, it is to be, but we are not sure how soon. We will urge his suggestion upon the attention of the author, who reads his own proofs.

A. McB. Arrangements have been made to that end.

"DEBORAH." Her valuable contribution is received. If, upon further consideration, the various subjects upon which it treats should be deemed fitting for our columns, it shall receive an insertion next week. Should it not, we trust that that will not be deemed any reflection upon her eminent ability, or a proof of a want on our part of a proper appreciation of her condescension and kindness.

A. O. G. We can get the book here, and will forward it soon, with others. Those articles have not arrived yet, but we have a promise of them when they do.

E. M. C. Shall have an answer at our earliest leisure.

MR. PAGE. His communication is received, and shall have an insertion next week. We shall await with resignation the threatened extracts from his sermons.

M. B. of C. We understand from the postmaster, that the paper sent by her order to P. H. and on which the postage is paid, is not taken from the office.

S. P. C. We are much indebted for his esteemed communication and the accompanying documents, which shall receive a careful, and we trust, candid perusal.

J. W. His letter shall receive attention next week.

J. E. S. His letter was not received till we were ready to go to press. We presume the matter is now generally understood, but we shall cheerfully publish his communication.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* The Spring Flowers; Spring, A New Version. *Miscellany:* Toussaint, (continued); Domestic Habits of Luther; Rights of Men and Wrongs of Women; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Peculiar Institution:* Extracts from Letters from the South; Facts about Slavery; Extract from a Letter from Delaware—Pennsylvania Volunteers. *Selections:* Reception of Douglass; Orthodox Slanders; *Communications:* The Church Question among American Abolitionists.

SECOND PAGE.—The Guilt of England; Letter from England.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

TWO DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.—The Steamship Sarah Sands arrived at this port on Thursday last, with two days later dates. She brought no news of importance. The prices in the provision market remained about the same as at last advices.

General Items.

A son of Mr. Thomas Lake, of Williamsburg, about six years old, disappeared six weeks ago, and was supposed to be drowned. A few days since he returned, having been a voyage to sea. He had gone on board a vessel, and fallen asleep in one of the berths, and was not discovered till some hours afterward, when she had got out to sea.

A man was arrested a few days since in Albany—information conveyed of the fact to Rochester by telegraph; witnesses examined there—the result returned to Albany, and the man discharged before 5 o'clock, P. M. But for the telegraph he would have been detained in jail a week.

A. A. Phelps, who has passed the winter in the West Indies, arrived at New Orleans a few days since, still in feeble health.

Frederick Reade, who was to have been executed at Pittsburg, on the 30th ultimo, for the murder of his wife, committed suicide the night before.

A company has been formed in London, the object of which is to collect the drainage of the sewers of London and convey it to the farms and gardens in the vicinity, where it may be useful as a manure.

A Mr. Parkhurst, who arrived in the Sarah Sands from England, has made a discovery which he promises will create a great revolution in steam propulsion. His discovery has been patented in Europe, and he comes to lay it before the Government of the United States. We understand that it consists in the application of a great number of propellers to the same vessel, so as to secure immensely increased speed, power, and safety.

Mr. Strong, assistant sergeant-at-arms to the Assembly of this State, has been dismissed for sending a challage. Right.

An emigrant passage ship from Hamburg to Canada, with one hundred and sixty passengers has foundered at sea. The survivors, the Captain and four of the crew, have been picked up in a boat.

Mr. Oliver, of Dorchester, Massachusetts, has left the whole of his property, not less than $100,000, to be divided between the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and the McLean Asylum for the Insane.

Miss Dix, the female Howard, has recently furnished the papers the following prayer offered by an incurable insane person confined in the New York State Hospital.

"Oh God, who declareth thy power in commiseration, mercifully regard me, and restore me to *soundness* and composure of mind; midst all my perplexities, to usefulness, respectability, individual and social happiness. To an ability to acquire and control the means for my respectable and honourable subsistence; to the rational enjoyment of the privileges and to the faithful performance of the duties of an American citizen."

The Isthmus of Tehuantepec.—Among the great topics connected with the commercial and territorial advantages and prospects of the country, which the present position of our foreign relations brings into view, the plan of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific through this isthmus, is certainly one of the most important. It will go far towards changing—and that to the signal profit of our country—the main stream of the commerce of the world. The whole subject is no doubt receiving that careful consideration at the hands of the Administration, to which it is entitled. It will be productive of great benefit to the world at large, as well as to the United States. It will be by far the shortest and most direct route between the United States and our territories on the Pacific. It will stimulate the resources and exertions not only of the Western side of the American Continent, but of the Eastern portion of Asia, and all the intermediate islands on the broad Pacific.—[Washington Union, April 26.

John Quincy Adams holds his estates in the town of Quincy, under the original Indian deed; and Mr. Peirce, of the famous "Indian Hill Farm," in Essex Co., Mass., holds that property in the same way; the old parchment deed, with its arrow head-mark, being the only visible title.

West Jersey Peach Crop.—The Woodbury Constitution of the 27th says, that from the cold weather, the peach and early apples have suffered very much. In some of the peach orchards the crop is said to have been all destroyed by cold on Friday and Saturday nights.

The Chronotype tells a story about some recruits for the new regiments who lately came from Maine in a Kennebec steamer, and got drunk on board of her, kicking up several rows, to the wonder of the Captain, who could not guess where they got the liquor. It seems that a man was on board who had a barrel of specimens of animals, packed in New England rum—which he was collecting for the museums and cabinets of the curious; among them were skunks, woodchucks, squirrels, minks, and weasels, with the skin and fur all on. This barrel had been tapped by the "patriotic" recruits, and all the liquor "reannexed."

Newsboy Wit.—A gentleman crossing one of our city ferries, the other day, was accosted by one of those peripatetic venders of cheap literature and weekly newspapers, who are to be found in shoals, about all our public places,—with "buy Bulwer's last work, sir? Only two shillin!" The gentleman, willing to have a laugh with the urchin, said, "Why, I am Bulwer, myself!" Off went the lad, and whispering to another, at a little distance, excited his wonderment at the information he had to impart. Eyeing the pretended author of "Pelham," with a kind of awe, he approached him timidly, and holding out a pamphlet, said, modestly,—"buy the 'Women of England' sir? *You're not Mrs. Ellis!*' Of course the proposed sale was effected.—Express.

Count Leopold Ferri, a Paduan nobleman, who died recently, says the Home Journal, left a library of thirty-two thousand volumes, entirely made up of the writiugs of those whom Monkbarns sarcastically called "The Womenkind."

The followers of Joanna Southcote continue to parade about the streets of the Metropolis, uttering melancholy wails for the sin which brought down famine upon Ireland. Their long beards, tunics, and large leather girdles, give them a grotesque appearance. Several times they have been taken before the magistrates and admonished, but they heed not the advice. [London Cor. Jour. Com.

Married,

At Nantucket, on Monday morning, by Rev. Mr. Bradford, Mr. ASA B. HUTCHINSON, (of the Hutchinson family,) of Milford, N. H. to Miss ELIZABETH B. CHASE, of N.

In West Brookfield, on the 20th instant, before Arad Gilbert, Esq. JOSEPH A. HOWLAND, to ADELINE, daughter of Josiah Henshaw, all of this place. The usual nuptial ceremonies were dispensed with, to the great consternation of the over much righteous in this place.

On the 15th ultimo, at the Legation of the United States of America, in Paris, France, by Rev. Archdeacon Keating, Mr. FREDERICK A. LOVERING, to Miss JULIANA MARIA SHIMMIN, daughter of William Shimmin, Esq. both of Boston, United States of America.

On Second day, 4th mo. 26th, agreeably to the order of the Society of Friends, at the house of Samuel C. Henzey, EDWARD H. SAUNDERS, of Woodbury, N. J. to MARGARET P. HENZEY, of this city.

Died,

At his residence in Ninth street, last evening, 29th ultimo, JOHN REVERE, M. D. Professor in the Medical School of the University of the city of New-York, aged 60 years.

In this city, on Sunday evening, April 26, ANNE C. wife of Charles L. Reason, in the 33d year of her age.

At Frankfort, Herkimer county, 18th ultimo, Rev. BENJAMIN HARVEY, the aged Baptist clergyman of New-York, in the 112th year of his age. He had been a preacher more than seventy years.

At Burlington, N. J. JOHN COX, aged 94, a minister of the society of Friends.

At his residence in Jefferson county, Florida, 16th ultimo, Prince CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON ACHILLE MURAT, son of Joachim and Caroline Bonaparte Murat, King and Queen of Naples, aged 46.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For Standard—from April 25th, to May 4th, 1847.

E. S. Walker, Portland, Me.	$1 00
Phillip J. Tripp, Freetown, Mass.	1 00
James Slayton, South Woodstock, Vt.	1 00
Rebecca Robinson, Bernadotte, Ill.	1 00
David Bartram, Gaylord's Bridge, Ct.	1 00
A. Wanzer, Sherman, Ct.	1 00
E. Wooden, "	50
Phebe Haviland, "	1 00
Dr. John Orton, "	1 00
Charles Wing, Quaker Hill, N. Y.	1 00
William Aiken, Cambeville,	1 00
	10 50
Total Amount,	$10 50

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

WORCESTER COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS.

A quarterly meeting of the Worcester County South Division Anti-Slavery Society will be held at OXFORD, on Wednesday, May 19th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The members of the Society, and the friends of the cause, are earnestly requested to give a general attendance. There is a depot of the Norwich railroad at Oxford; cars leave Worcester at 8 1-2 o'clock A. M. A large and effective meeting is greatly needed at this time. In the hands of needy and selfish politicians, the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts is in danger of suffering great detriment.

SAMUEL MAY, President.

JOHN M. FISK, Secretary.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.

The Windham County Anti-Slavery Society will hold a Convention at Danielsonville, on Tuesday, the 18th of May, commencing at ten o'clock, and continuing through the day. Addresses will be delivered on the occasion by C. C. Burleigh, Samuel May and others. All are invited to attend.

When tyrant power is increased, threatening to subjugate the nominally free to its control, is it not time to arouse the people from their ruinous slumber, that *right* and *freedom* become not obsolete terms in your vocabulary?

JAMES B. WHITCOMB, *Pres't.*
LUCIAN BURLEIGH, *Sec.*

MEETINGS.

W. W. Brown and Dr. Hudson will hold meetings in conjunction, as follows. The friends of the slave in the different places will not forget to anticipate their arrival, and make all the necessary arrangements for the meetings. At

Washington, 30 and May 1,
Poughkeepsie, May 2 and 3,
New Paltz Landing, 4 and 5,
Milton, 6 and 7.

Meetings to commence at 7 o'clock, P. M. on the first day of the appointments, and at 1 and 7, P. M. on the second day in each place.

COLOURED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The tenth anniversary of the Coloured Orphan Asylum will be held at the Broadway Tabernacle, (Monday) May the 10th, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

ANNIVERSARY IN MAY.

The friends of the abolition of Capital Punishment throughout the United States, are earnestly requested to be represented at the meeting of the New-York State Society, to be held in this city on Monday, May the 10th. Among the speakers expected to address this meeting, are Hon. Robert Rantoul, Wendell Phillips, John Pierpont, Horace Greeley, Rev. E. H. Chapin, Charles C. Burleigh, Parke Godwin, J. L. O'Sullivan, Rev. W. H. Channing, and Prof. Patterson, of Philadelphia.

JOSIAH HOPPER, Sec. W. T. McCOUN, Pres.

☞ Papers friendly, please copy.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

It is proposed to hold a Fair, to aid the cause of emancipation, at the time and place of the next anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and the object of this circular is to invite all, to assist in preparing for that occasion, who are the foes of oppression—who desire that our country shall be redeemed from the rule of tyrants—who wish to break the yoke of the captive, and to repel the aggressions which Slavery is making upon our own rights. Whether the contributions shall be worthy of the cause—worthy the high professions of those who stand forth as the friends of liberty, may greatly depend, reader, upon *your* efforts. Are you willing to contribute of your abundance or your penury? are you willing to stimulate others to do good works, and unite with them to bring your neighbourhood offering, and lay it upon the altar of humanity? If you have neither silver nor gold, are you willing to consecrate a portion of what you *do* possess to this cause? Let the farmer and his wife bring grain and wool, brooms and baskets, cloth, and other manufactured articles—let the dairy-maid come with her cheese and butter, and the miller with his flour—let the hatter and tinner, the saddler and shoemaker, present such needful things as their several handicrafts can furnish—let the merchant contribute liberally of his stock, and those who are skilful with the needle, bring such useful and fancy articles as their ingenuity may devise.

The proceeds of this Fair will be appropriated to the support of the Anti-Slavery movement in the West, either by placing them at the disposal of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, or applying them, by direction of the donors, to some branch of this reform, in harmony with the views of that society.

The cause for which we ask you to labour is one which is fraught with the deepest interest to millions of our race—it meets with favour from the virtuous and the good, and is approved by the Father of the oppressed. We affectionately invite you to share the toil and the reward of this work—we appeal to you in the name of MAN, robbed and outraged—we ask you to be true to the instincts of your better nature, and to prove by your actions that you appreciate the blessings of liberty and the safe-guards of virtue.

Betsey M. Cowles, Austinburg,
Lydia Irish, New Lisbon,
Jane D. McNealy, Greene,
Mary Donaldson, do.
Matilda S. Howell, Painesville,
Susan Marshall, do.
Maria L. Giddings, Jefferson,
Mercy Lloyd, Lloydsville,
Mary Ann Bronson, Medina,
Phebe Ann Carroll, Ravenna,
Martha J. Tilden, do.
Ruth Dugdale, Green Plain,
Elizabeth Borton, Selma,
Maria Whitmore, Andover,
Sarepta Brown, New Lyme,
Eliza Cowles, Geneva,
Zilpah Barnaby, Mt. Union,
Harriet N. Torrey, Parkman,
Elizabeth A. Stedman, Randolph,
Cordelia Smalley do.
Elizabeth Butterworth Hopkinsville,
Ann Walker, Leesville,
Mary Griswold, New Garden,
Eliza Holmes, Columbiana,
Leah Voglesong, do.
Anna C. Fuller, Brooklyn,
Cornelia R. Cowles, Buffalo, N. Y.
Laura Barnaby, Salem,
J. Elizabeth Jones. do,

FAIR COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, held March 11th, 1847, the following persons were appointed a Committee on the Fair, to be held at the close of the year:

Mary T. Stickney,	Margaretta Forten,
Anna M. Hopper,	Mary Grew,
Emma Parker,	Mary Shaw,
A. Matilda Cassey,	Esther Reckless,
Janette Jackson,	Sarah Pugh,
Maria M. Davis,	Clementine Green,
Margaret Griscom,	Elizabeth Carman,
Martha Carman,	Sarah M. Douglass,
Harriet D. Purvis,	Esther Hogeland,
Hannah L. Stickney,	Esther Burr,
Emily Winslow,	Lydia Gillingham,
Theresa K. Hallowell,	Sarah L. Child,
Paulina S. Wright,	Gertrude K. Burleigh,
Sarah A. McKim,

Poetry.

From the [Dublin] Nation.

THE SPRING FLOWERS.

BY J. DE JEAN.

The Spring flowers are peeping
From hedge, cane, and brake;
Oh! God, what wild weeping
Those flowers would awake,
If grief could be cherished
'Mid famine and pain,
For the dear ones who perished
By the doomed who remain!

The kindly Spring weather
With balm once beguiled,
To the hedge-row together
The primrose and child;
But the clay is now crushing
The child in the tomb!
And the primrose is blushing!
But blushing for whom?

And the violet once lifted
Its blue eye to greet
Young eyes that were gifted
With azure as sweet;
But sealed in their lashes,
Past April's deep power,
Those blue eyes are ashes!
Why bloometh the flower?

For careless and callous
As grey-bearded men,
Of the crow's beechen palace,
Or moss hut of the wren—
Of the fair flowers waving
By wayside and wood,
Shrunk children are craving
Food—nothing but food!

For mother—for father
No wail to the sky!
The orphans must gather
Some garbage, or die!
The famine-fiend blighted
The chaplets of love,
And a vulture has lighted
Where nestled the dove.

Oh! command us not, Heaven,
For a future of bliss,
That the foes be forgiven
Who crushed us to this!
Though Angels were beckoning,
How could we forgive?
A day of dark reckoning
Must come—if we live!

SPRING—A NEW VERSION.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

"Come, *gentle* Spring! ethereal *mildness*, come!"
Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?
There's no such season.

The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!
For why, I find her breath a bit'er blighter!
And suffer from her *blows* as if they came
From Spring, the fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,
And be her toneful laureates and upholders,
Who do not feel as if they had a *Spring*
Poured down their shoulders!

Let others eulogize her floral shows;
From me they cannot win a single stanza;
I know her blooms are in full blow—and so's
The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,
Her tansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,
Are things I sneeze at!

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year,
And fair its early buddings and its blowings—
But just suppose Consumption's seed appear
With other sowings!

For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,
A frigid, not a genial inspiration;
Nor can, like iron-chested Chubb, defy
An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,
To me all vernal luxuries are fables;
Oh! where's the *Spring* in a rheumatic leg,
Stiff as a table's!

I limp in agony—I wheeze and cough,
And quake with Ague, that great Agitator;
Nor dream, before July, of leaving off
My Respirator.

What wonder if in May itself I lack
A peg for laudatory verse to hang on,
Spring mild and gentle?—yes, as spring-heeled Jack
To those he sprang on!

In short, whatever panegyrics lie
In fulsome odes too many to be cited,
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,
And that is blighted!

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

CHAPTER IV.—[CONCLUDED.]

In the meanwhile, Blanca had advanced to the centre of the hall, and was standing before the Commissaries. All eyes were fastened upon her, and murmurs of indignation, hatred, and pity, ran through the Assembly. Ere silence could be restored, she had knelt down before her father, and was pressing his trembling hand to her lips. "Forgive me, father, dearest father," she exclaimed, "your daughter implores your blessing at the moment she raises her voice against you."

The General laid his hand on her head, and muttered a few words, but he was so deeply moved that Blanca led him to a chair. Kissing his hand once more with tenderness, she drew herself proudly up, and looking round the Assembly, which was awed into a pin-drop silence, she turned to the Commissaries.

"Citizen Commissaries," said she, "it must surprise you greatly to hear a daughter accuse her father, but the sacred, eternal rights of truth and virtue, are above the accidental rights of birth. Here I stand, not merely as the accuser of a father whom I revere, but also to prove to you the weakness of your laws, which compel a man to be weak and to do wrong. My father is one of the richest of the planters. In taking the oath of Governor and pledging himself to execute the decrees of the mother-country, he had either to violate his oath or rage against his own flesh. That he tried to reconcile duty and interest, that he flung not away the sword of the Governor when he shrunk from drawing it for the maintenance of his authority, that he flattered men's passions when he should have resisted them,—this, Citizen Commissaries, this is the treason of my unfortunate father. Upon my knees have I besought him to shun the danger,—to refuse the office which the very wretches, who now boast of their patriotism, compelled him to accept. I knew only too well his good heart. But when my prayers were unavailing, I still sought to guide his steps in the path of duty. But in vain. Swayed by hereditary ideas of the superiority of his caste, he gave way to the wild passions of these recreants who now dare to impeach him. The country was betrayed, and liberty scorned, the moment the laws of the National Convention decreeing liberty to *all* men, were suppressed by the Governor-General himself. Then he betrayed his country, and the cause of humanity, for the sake of his caste."

Here a faintness appeared to come over Blanca, and she paused. All sat as if transfixed, except Polverel, who, upon perceiving the resemblance of the sentiments of the fanatic maiden to his own, started up and exclaimed: "Citoyenne, Rome had no woman to be compared with you. You deserve to adorn the Pantheon of Immortality."

He was interrupted by a look from Santonax and resumed his seat not without embarrassment. Blanca rose again. "Citizen Commissaries," said she, "I crave no honours. I have performed my duty. My place is now with my father. He has erred through weakness, but he is far nobler than these base souls, that revile him." The Governor withdrew not the hand which she seized and kissed with fervour, but covering his eyes with the other he sighed gently: "Unhappy child, what have you done!"

During the short pause that followed, Santonax and his colleague whispered together. He was too cool and cunning to be carried away. "Citoyenne," said he, "you have set a noble example. Receive in the name of the country the acknowledgments due to you for a sacrifice the cost of which we can all appreciate. But we also must regard the sacred cause of Liberty first and supreme. A man whose own daughter accuses him as a traitor must no longer stand at the head of the Government."

"And where is the power that authorizes you to depose me?" exclaimed Blanchelande, with dignity. "Reflecting men will know, I trust, how to rate the words of a girl crazed with enthusiasm. By heaven! it is not we who betray the country, but it is those who are slaves to the rabble, and who would trample down all that is good and noble into one levelling mire."

The General had hardly uttered these words when Santonax, with an air of unquestionable authority, stepped up to him, and touching with his outstretched hand the breast of Blanchelande, proceeded to pronounce against him the formula of outlawry: "In the name of the law, in the name of the French people, in the name of the Convention, I command you, Citizen Blanchelande, to yield obedience to the Commissaries of France. You are hereby divested of your dignity, and we decree that you go forthwith on board the Corvette Agathe, which will carry you to France, where you may defend yourself before your judges. Whoever ventures to resist this decree, forfeits, as an enemy of the country, the protection of the law," he added, casting a glance over the Assembly. "I trust, citizen Deputies, you are of one mind, that the late Governor-General can no longer remain here, but must appear before the French people at the bar of the Convention."

The encouragement thus given to speak inspired the Assembly with new life. All had been startled with the novelty of the proceedings. Many took part at once with the Commissaries. Only a few spoke for the Governor, who stood motionless, observing the doings of his foes. At length when the decision, well nigh unanimous, was announced that he should instantly set out as a prisoner on that voyage, which, as all knew, would lead him to the guillotine, he smiled bitterly, and muttered to himself: "What prevented me yesterday from following Charmilly's advice, and returning my answer to your insidious designs through the mouth of the cannon at St. Nicholas? It was honour, and aversion to bloodshed."

La Veaux now entered the hall at the head of a body of soldiers, and demanded the sword of the prisoner, who handed it to him with perfect composure, and then turning to the Assembly: "I leave the Island," said he, "and shall appear before my judges strong in innocence. I call God to witness, I have ever sought to do right. You cast me out but I curse you not. My heart's blood I would freely shed that you might learn to be just and wise. Farewell, fellow-citizens. I foresee a period of violence and blood awaiting you, but may a merciful God protect you."

Covering his face with both hands, he leaned against the President's chair. "Courage, dearest father," said Blanca, embracing him, "never were you so great as now. Your daughter will beat your side when you stand before your judges."

He turned away from her with a shudder. "Go," said he, "and God bless you. I pray that your eyes may never be opened. But you are my child no longer. You have severed yourself from me. Away, your presence is torture."

"You disown me, father," said she, while she clung to his arm, "but never, never will I forsake you."

Blanchelande tore himself from her, and stepping firmly forward, surrendered himself to the guard.

"Citoyenne," cried Polverel, with tears, "you have lost a father, but another opens his arms to you."

The young enthusiast rose. "Citizen Commissaries," she said, "you have done your duty. I must do mine. My place on earth is at the side of the unfortunate old man who disowns me. I beseech you let me go with him to France."

"My child," answered Polverel, "I fear your request will not be appreciated by him for whose sake you make it."

"And have you considered the dangers that await you, if your father persist in rejecting you?" added Santonax.

"I have only him on the wide earth," she replied. "He is old and lonely—who will share his prison—who love him in a world where all condemn him?" She uttered these words so touchingly that even the stern Santonax was affected. "Yes," he exclaimed, "you do indeed deserve a civic crown. Hasten to make your arrangements. The Agathe will set sail in a few hours."

Vincent had been a witness of the whole tragedy. Living at a time when fanaticism raged and triumphed, and sharing in the extravagant ideas of the day, he was prepared to offer himself at any moment as a sacrifice for liberty, but his whole nature revolted at a deed which Polverel pronounced Roman virtue. Vincent shrunk with a shudder from the unnatural daughter who had thus sacrificed her father. The painful conviction flashed upon him that men were never to attain to true liberty, but that, infatuated by blind passions, they were forever to be the prey of anarchy and despotism. His admiration of Blanca melted away like a mist. Vincent felt that, as she was capable of accusing her own father, she would not hesitate to give up her dearest friend, and the child of her bosom, as soon as, according to her ideas, they should offend against the country and its laws. It was some consolation to him when he heard a few voices loudly condemning the deed, and it was a relief even when the Marchioness de Borel beckoned him to her side, and in a tone of bitter mockery, commended the heroine. He hastened away, however, sickened at the whole scene, and with a heart throbbing with tenderness, remembered Helen, the sweet, child-like Helen, and felt how unworthy he was of her love.

In the square before the Government-house, Vincent found the greatest uproar. The crowd tossed to and fro like a boisterous sea, were demanding the death of Blanchelande, at whose appearance they burst out into a tremendous shout, and seemed eager to clutch their prey. With difficulty he was saved from their fury. Upon arriving at the water's edge, he thanked his conductors with great composure, and stepped into the vessel which was to convey him on board the Corvette. The officers and soldiers retired from the spot, and Vincent, who had followed them, found himself alone, gazing after Blanchelande. His attention was presently attracted by a boat near the shore, whose crew were leaning on the oars. It occurred to him at once that this boat was waiting for Blanca. He was resolved not to see her, but as he was turning away, she stood before him. She was attended by a couple of officers, and two old servants carrying some baggage. While Vincent stood silent and irresolute, the maiden approached him with the air of self-control peculiar to her, and with the gentle smile which he had so often compared to that of a saint. Her presence filled him with grief and indignation, and suddenly raising his eyes, his looks expressed his thoughts. She understood him; her lip quivered; she covered her face with her hands; but soon recovering herself, she extended her hand to him and said: "Such is man in his weakness, a giant yesterday, storming heaven, a worm to-day,—and yet how few hours lie between yesterday and to-day."

"But what deeds may lie in that short space, also!" added Vincent, deeply moved. "A moment suffices to destroy the world we had built with so much care."

"That is just what I say," she replied, "I too, am undeceived, my world is destroyed. You look reproachfully at me, but I shall not defend myself."

"And yet, if these stones were to rise," said Vincent, sternly, "if the whole inanimate world were to cry out to defend yourself—who could wonder!"

At these words, Blanca drew her mantilla over her head to conceal, perhaps, her blushes or her tears. "Farewell, Citizen Vincent," she said, "God, and all who love virtue, shall be my judges. I have expected much of you. I believed you above the vulgar herd. Go, then, you will be lost in the mass, and become the disciple of some great man, and lead a long innocent life."

At this moment the Agathe fired a gun, which echoed round the harbour, and from her top-gallant mast was seen floating the tri-colour. Blanca hurried away. She entered the boat. A crowd, that had gradually been gathering, sent after her their rude huzzas; and then ran back to share in the festivities prepared by the Commissaries in honour of the occasion. Vincent watched the boat, which soon reached the Corvette, as it lay rocking impatiently like a race-horse, rearing and fretting for the rein. In an instant a cloud of canvas hid her masts, she shot through the waves, exchanging salutes with the fort, and soon vanished beyond the heights of Picolet.

CHAPTER V.

Depressed by these events, Vincent passed the next two days in retirement. On the third day he made his appearance at the Baron De Charmilly's. He had made a fruitless attempt to gain access to Helen, but the old Baron was on his guard. On the present occasion he could neither engage De Charmilly in private conversation, nor elude his attention. Some fair Creole belles, haughty and voluptuous, were seated on ottomans, laughing and talking in whispers, and attended by their favourite slaves, who stood by with fans, awaiting the commands of their imperious mistresses. Presently the door opened and Helen entered. Her delicate European beauty at once threw in the shade the charms so much admired in the belles of St. Domingo. Her rich blonde hair, her dark blue eyes, shaded by their long lashes, and expressing a saint-like purity—charms like these were very rarely found in a land, where fullness of form, dark, glowing eyes, black hair, and teeth not always the most pleasing, are everywhere met with. At perceiving Vincent, a slight blush overspread Helen's somewhat pale countenance. In that slight look of recognition beamed an expression of devoted love, which made Vincent sensible of all the value of an affection which elevated him by appealing to his better nature No jealousy was awakened in him by the looks of admiration with which she was received by the men, nor was he disturbed when a young officer, De Bullet, whispered rather loudly in the ears of a pale looking Creole: "By all the saints and d—l's! Jumecourt, she is as beautiful as a Persian Princess. I'd give a hundred thousand livres, were I in your place, and had to make her marry me." Vincent and Jumecourt both moved towards Helen, who had hardly time to whisper a word to the former, before the latter joined them, and obliged them to share their conversation with him. Assuming the air of a relative and accepted lover, he maliciously called upon Vincent to arbitrate between himself and his fair cousin. But Jumecourt missed his aim, and no trace of jealousy could be discovered on the face of his rival, who was too well aware that Jumecourt, handsome though he was, like the variegated snake of his Island, was not at all to be feared. And Vincent could not believe that De Charmilly was prepared to attempt to force the affections of the niece, whose happiness, he had said, was so dear to him.

But this faith in the Baron was soon shaken; for Charmilly soon joined them, and after briefly alluding to Vincent's recent adventures, abruptly remarked: "You are to be blamed, Citizen Vincent, for not turning to better account your influence with Blanca Blanchelande. You remember what I said about a double marriage. But Armand will hardly wait till Blanca returns with her father's corpse and her civic crown."

"The interest I have felt for Mdlle. Blanchelande," replied Vincent, with an effort to hide the embarrassment caused by the evident aim of the Baron to give his countenance publicly to Jumecourt's attentions to Helen, "was never strong enough to remind me of your kind intentions."

St. Peter!" said Charmilly, "it was all a fable, then, that you had a long talk at parting with the brave citoyenne?"

"The report is somewhat incorrect," replied Vincent. "The fanatic or citoyenne, monster or heroine, as she is styled in different quarters, charged me with messages to a few friends here."

"Ah, congratulations for you, my child, I suppose, upon your approaching marriage," said the Baron, turning to Helen.

"Her messages were odd fancies," said Vincent, "some strange story about treason and conspiracy, about Jamaica and the Mole St. Nicholas, about advice given to her father to flee, and her determination to reveal the real traitors."

The Baron could not wholly hide the alarm occasioned by this rejoinder. "Fooleries like these," said he, "suit the head that hatches them. Blanchelande deserved to pay the penalty of his weakness. He suffers every way, but chiefly through his own child. And so it must be when parents let their children have their own way, and dispose of themselves as they please. Children should be trained to implicit obedience. Blanchelande's fate is a warning."

So saying, he turned away, leaving the arrow he had shot to take effect. Vincent looked proud and defiant, and Jumecourt smiled maliciously. Helen, though pale, assumed an air of calmness, and with an easy familiarity, begged Vincent to relate his recent adventures. "Let us walk," said she, "the garden is shady now. The ladies are at cards, and my uncle is going into the library. My cousin will honour us with his company, and listen to the story of M. De St. Vincent." Taking the arm of the latter, "Tell me," she added, "about our dusky friend Toussaint, of that singular girl, Aimé, and of the fierce Moses. Cousin Jumecourt, there's a man for you, quite a hero among his people."

"My fair cousin, who fascinates everybody," said Jumecourt, with a sneer, "should not be surprised that that black Hercules is captivated also. By Heaven! who can escape?"

A burning flush overspread Helen's features. "My cousin reminds me somewhat rudely of the most terrible hour of my life. And who was it that saved me from the demon, regardless of his bloody axe. O, Reginald, never will my gratitude cease!"

"Gratitude!" exclaimed Jumecourt, with flashing eyes. "Cousin, you do not use the right word."

"True," interposed Vincent, "she should have said love. Why conceal what heart and lips have so long confessed?"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Jumecourt, "then, to speak plainly, I must interfere with this beautiful affection."

"What!" said Vincent, "when you have it from herself that her heart is mine."

"I certainly shall not resign the hand," was the reply, "by which I obtain the heart."

"Cousin Jumecourt," said Helen, trembling with fear and indignation, "they have told me much of your good qualities, but they forgot what no man should lack, magnanimity. Why would you make me wretched, meanly pleading the authority and wishes of our uncle."

"Highо!" said Jumecourt, "was there ever lover in such a predicament!" But shortly, unable to preserve any degree of equanimity, he broke forth into language so violent and menacing towards Vincent that the latter retorted with no less severity. Helen sought to make peace, and avert any bloody consequences, and in her simplicity, fancied she had succeeded. But the old Baron approaching, easily surmised from the looks of the parties, the real state of the case. "I trust," said he, decisively, "that I come at the right moment. I will have no blood shed. Speak not, Sir," said he to Jumecourt, "you cease to be my nephew and heir, if you lift your hand against my friend here. Attend this frightened child back to the company, and you, Captain, let us walk on, I have much to say to you."

And with this he took Vincent's arm and drew him away. He paused at last under a group of laurel and orange-trees, which encircled a marble monument, and his strongly marked features assumed an expression of deep sadness, as he leaned against one of the statues which, covered with moss, concealed their inverted torches amidst the luxuriant and tangled vines. "I cannot visit this spot," said he, "without thinking of the time when I too was young. Yes, Vincent, I too, was forced to give up a beloved one, without whom I fancied I could not live. But I yielded to paternal authority, and chose another, to whom this monument was erected. I loved her not, but I was happy, and I bless the day that united us."

"Allow me to speak with frankness," said Vincent. "I cannot, I am convinced that I ought not, for Helen's sake, exhibit the same resignation."

"Very well, Sir," replied the Baron, with a smile. "This shows resolution. It does not offend me. Indeed I could almost consent to abandon my own plan; what have you to offer in return?"

"The love and reverence of a son," answered Vincent.

"Of a son," exclaimed De Charmilly. "That means much, and a son must take his father's side in weal and in woe. There must be no difference of political faith between them. He who belongs to my family must love what I love, and hate what I hate. And here is the point upon which there must be no misunderstanding. As you love Helen so, you are ready to abandon your fanatical associates and dreams?"

"I must be a traitor, then," exclaimed Vincent, "before I can be your son!"

"By the great God!" said the other, "I would bring the traitor back to his allegiance, and receive him as a son. I am an old man, and far better able to decide impartially than a heedless youth. It is your party who are the traitors. Abjure your errors, and my arms are open to you."

"Never," cried Vincent, "never; I will abandon neither my principles nor my love. I will be faithful to both."

"Then, Sir," replied Charmilly, "our relations can hardly be friendly. I too can be faithful to my resolutions."

"Take care!" exclaimed Vincent, with sudden excitement, but instantly recovering himself, he proceeded: "The reign of terror will have its victims, and you may be one of the number. The game you play is perilous. It would be in vain to reiterate my claim to the hand of your niece. I submit to the will of Heaven, but take care, Sir, for your own sake and Helen's. Repentance may come too late."

Turning away, Vincent walked towards the house. Charmilly sent a frowning look after him. "The young man's assurance is insufferable," he muttered, "but no matter. We are rid of him, and Armand shall celebrate his nuptials at soon as possible."

As Vincent approached the house, Helen hurriedly met him from a side path. "I have escaped from those hateful men, that rude Bullet and Armand," she said. "Be on your guard, dear Reginald, they hate you. But what said my uncle? I fear him. I see from your looks that there is no hope from him."

"Be prudent and true," said Vincent, tenderly, while he drew her to his heart, and repeated briefly what had passed between himself and her uncle. He added a few words of consolation and encouragment. "You will see to everything, then," said she, with brightening looks, "and save me at the right moment. If they drag me to the altar, and demand my assent, do you stand before me and I will cry no and no forever."

The sound of the Baron's approaching steps warned them to separate. Helen fled, and Vincent, avoiding the Creole company, hastily left the house. It seemed as if he were turning his back upon Paradise, and the gigantic negroes at the door were the Cherubim with the flaming sword. He paused, lost in thought, but was startled by a familiar voice, bidding him good evening. It was the Curate of Dondon, who came riding up the street, wrapt in a dark cloak, and who broke out into a merry laugh at the surprise of his yound friend. "Pax vobiscum! my son, a fine evening, and you are gazing at the stars as if you meant to devour them."

"Curate of Dondon," replied Vincent, "Away with you if you love your life."

"To these words, uttered in a hurried whisper, the Abbé responded with another hearty laugh, and shaking the young officer cordially by the hand, "I'll remember you in my prayers, Citizen Vincent," said he, "that will I, for it is quite clever in you not to turn traitor, and betray an old friend. But this time your patriotic conscience may go to-bed, for, by St. Francis! I run away for no one, no, not even for Peroussell, or the great Citizen Santonax himself."

"You are acquitted, then!" exclaimed Vincent.

"Not exactly," answered the Abbé, delighting in a mystification. "Do give some credit to the genius that cheats the gallows. Truly, my son, to inexperienced eyes, the tragical end of my earthly pilgrimage certainly seemed inevitable."

"Santonax has kept his word, then, in spite of Polverel," said Vincent. "I found he recollected you."

"Yes, when you recommended me to him for a spy or agent," replied La Haye, with a laugh—"much obliged to you, my young friend, but the virtuous Commissaries would have hit upon me without your kind intercession, and so I cared little for the sentence of death passed upon me. Suffice it to say, that two days ago, early in the morning, I had a private conversation with both these inquisitors of the holy tribunal at Paris. A few hours after, I left my prison, equipped for a journey, found a horse in readiness, and off I went into the blessed green mountains."

"And now?" asked Vincent, with astonishment.

"Why, I am just returning, as you see," replied the other, "and I bring a kind message for you from a certain strange fellow, who absolutely refuses to listen to my proposals of peace."

"Toussaint Breda?" said the Captain. "Well, he is right, there can be no peace between him and these Creoles."

"How you talk!" whispered the Curate, "it is none of our business who is right or who is wrong. Most of those black vagabonds are sick of the miserable life they are leading, and are longing for the flesh-pots of Egypt. There was a little bare-legged chap, decorated with three orders and a pair of old epaulettes, and his only question was whether Candi would get pantaloons and boots, if he surrendered, and the rest were pretty much in the same way, so that my mission turns out tolerably well."

"Then they will negotiate!" said Vincent.

"It is a State secret," said the Abbé, "but between you and me, it is just so. You see before you now, the distinguished personage, who, uniting in himself the office of ambassador of France and of his Excellency, Don Juan Francis, is charged with the duty of bringing about an interview between the Citizen-Deputies of the Convention, and the Vice-Regents, Grand Admirals, Excellencies, and Grandees of the black army. But here I must break off my confidential communications," he added, "for you cannot expect to know more than I know myself. I must off to the illustrious Deputies, so good evening." And giving a smart jerk at the bit of his weary beast, he cantered off.

Moody and sad, Vincent sought some of his comrades, whom he found in a high state of merriment. Disgusted with the scene, he soon endeavoured to steal away, but the company pursued him to his own dwelling.

(To be continued.)

From the Monthly Chronicle.

DOMESTIC HABITS OF LUTHER,

His friend, Lucas Kranach, has painted him in his preacher's robe, with large sleeves, open at the breast and showing a black vest, with a little collar of white linen at the throat. This was his usual garb. The Elector, previously to his assuming it, sent him a piece of Prussian cloth, with a note to this effect: "To make yourself a preacher's robe, a monk's dress, or a Spanish cloak;" for Luther was, for a time, undecided which to adopt. His lodgings in his convent consisted of three rooms,—a bedroom, a room for study, which served him as a room for receiving visitors, and a dining-room. In these he received the envoy of the King Ferdinand, who came to Wittenberg to ascertain the truth of the report that Luther had a numerous guard of armed men with him. He found him alone amidst his books, and did not even perceive the legion of demons which the Anabaptists placed at his service, nor the devil himself, at whose head Luther had thrown his inkstand, although he might have perceived upon the walls of the room the evidence of the Reformer's vision. The walls of his bedchamber were written over with sentences in charcoal, extracted from the Scriptures; as, *Verbum Domini manet in aternum*, which he had even embroidered on the sleeves of his domestics' dresses; or lines from the profane poets, Homer especially, as, "He who watches over the destinies of a people or a country ought no longer to sleep all night." His closet for work, plastered with stucco of milky whiteness, was ornamented with portraits in oil of his dearly beloved disciples Melancthon, and of the Elector Frederick, by the hand of Lucas Kranach, and with some caricatures against the Pope, the subjects of which he had himself furnished in the course of his table-talk to some wandering artist, who had afterwards carried them to Nuremberg, the great manufactory whence issued vast numbers of engravings on wood. From the frames of these caricatures hung pasteboard slips with ascetic sentences in German. Lastly, the eye was filled with a clumsy shelving of wood, on which stood or lay a few volumes, forming what he called his library. The Bible, like the divine word in his mind, occupied the place of honour,—the Bible, in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; the Psalms by Melancthon; the New Testament by Erasmus; and side by side with these, the writings of Eck: the theses on the Indulgences; the bulls of Leo X.; the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*; various works of John Huss, Virgil, Columella, and some ascetical books printed at Mayence, of which presents had been made him. Coloured glass, soldered together with lead, let in the light of all shades on his table, which has been carefully preserved, and resembles a sort of desk, in the middle of which is a crucifix of ivory, which is its best ornament. This crucifix, the work of some Nuremberg artist, has an admirable expression. His dog usually lay at his feet whilst writing or composing, and of which he used to say, when laughing at the theologians who boasted of having seen many books, "My dog has also seen many books, more, perhaps, than Faber, who is all fathers, fathers fathers,—councils, councils, councils." Near the door of his house was a turning-machine, which he had got from Nuremberg, in order to gain his livelihood by his hands if ever the word of God failed to support him. We must not also forget that in place of those pipes which one sees now-a-days in the room of every German student, there hung a flute and guitar on the wall of his room, on both of which instruments he played. Luther was devotedly fond of music, the language of angels in Heaven and of the ancient prophets on earth. Next to theology, it held the second place in his estimation. "Who loves not music," said he, "cannot be loved by Luther." He was charitable to excess, and often borrowed of his parishioners when he had nothing of his own to give; and at times was unable to meet his obligations when they fell due; on which occasions his practice used to be to give in pledge some of the silver goblets, the gift of the elector, which stood on his mantelpiece.

From Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper.

"RIGHTS" OF MEN, AND WRONGS OF WOMEN.

The recent trial of the cowardly Mr. Dunn—and the greater the cowardice of the heart, the thicker the bronze of countenance—affords another chapter to the Rights of Man as vindicated by certain lords of the creation, who are wont to exercise their nobility at the cost and suffering of women. "Woman," says some poet, "is the plaything of man's idle hour;" and, assuredly, the solemnity of English law verifies the libertine opinion; a fact of everyday notoriety, as manifested at our police courts and criminal assizes. We may look very loftily about us, and talk *in alto* of our advanced civilization; of the dignity of human nature, as exhibited throughout the new Hesperides, the British Islands,—nevertheless, we take especial care to retain woman as little other than a living chattel—a piece of human furniture; a thing of bondage, even though in silk attire. Men make laws, and with a fine calculating magnanimity, always give themselves the very best advantage of their own handiwork. Woman is man's good, says ancient wisdom; but woman is man's *goods*, says the arithmetic of law. He loses her; she is taken from him by another man; and then law awards the damages. A man's horse is maimed or killed; whereupon, he goes to court, and adduces in evidence the opinions of sundry persons, sage in the value of horse-flesh in general, and of the animal in litigation in particular; and a verdict is returned satisfying the man for his loss in the quadruped. For "horse," read "wife," and the like result ensues. Witnesses speak to previous "tenderness" and "affection" on the part of the wife; even as the sages of Tattersall's testify to the blood and bone of the brute. And Justice, preparing her scales, weighs so much money against a light woman; awarding to her legal owner the price of the damage. Her love was worth so much in hard cash; and the love destroyed, there is the money. The wife is a chattel, and is paid for as such. In truth, there is more of the philosophy of the female slave-markets of Alexandria and Cairo, practised throughout merry England, than, as polished Christians—for later Christianity stickles for polish—we care to confess to.

It is to this principle of setting a price upon woman,—making both seduction and adultery only purchasable vices, errors to be paid for with the coin of the realm—that we trace the frequent outrages committed upon the sex by the craft and brutality of man. Punish seduction and adultery with ignominy, and you make the sins infamous. As it is, woman, whether maid or wife, is considered by the libertine as a purchasable toy: varying with circumstances, but still bearing a price; and at the worst, to be paid for, according to the valuation of "twelve honest men in a box." We are a commercial people; commercial Christians; and there is no "inward bruise," that is not to be cured by that most medicinal leaf,—a bank note.

A man throws a woman out of a window; and though the human chattel, the immortal *goods*, sustain a grievous injury, the ruffian escapes with a few weeks' solitude from the vanities of the world. Another woman is bruised and beaten by her husband or paramour, and the indignant magistrate, much discomposed and flushed by the atrocity, reads a withering homily to the offender, and then sinks to a fine of some forty shillings, which (this is a great comfort to holy justice) "is immediately paid." Another woman is filthily assaulted by a policeman; she resists, and the scoundrel, to shelter himself, becomes accuser. The woman is denounced as one of the wicked; and the magistrate must, in preference, believe the nobler animal, man; especially, when further ennobled by a letter and numerals marked on his coat-collar. The instances of brutal cowardice and ferocity exercised by men upon women are of every-day occurrence; and every day paid for—like other amusements—with ready money.

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Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

A KING'S FAVOURITE, HER DOG AND UMBRELLA.—Mademoiselle Lola Montes, who enjoys in the Bavarian capital an exalted protection, which creates some scandal, was walking, on the 20th ultimo, in St. Louis street, followed by an enormous bull-dog; the animal barked at the horses of a brewer's car, which were frightened, and made some movements which excited the dog's rage; he rushed at one of the horses and bit him. This amused Mdlle. Lola, but did not suit the carman, who desired her to take her dog away, observing that nobody ought to be permitted to walk in Munich with so ferocious a companion. Mdlle. Lola, either not understanding the carman's words, or rather, understanding them too well, (for she is said to speak German fluently enough,) struck the carman with her umbrella in such style as to cut his face, and make the blood flow copiously. A large number of bystanders sided with the carman, abused Mdlle. Lola, and gradually grew so exasperated, that she threw herself into a chemist's shop, and shut the door so very violently, that a number of panes of glass were shattered.—The crowd loudly demanded that she should be delivered up; as the summons was not obeyed, the remaining panes were demolished. Mdlle. Lola was enabled to return home that night; but next morning, as early as dawn, another large crowd gathered under her windows, and began demolishing them as promptly as the apothecary's had been.—The police succeeded in dispersing the mob. There is a report that this head-strong young lady has since been conducted, under an escort, to the little town of Berg, where she will remain till the exasperation of the people of Munich is a little appeased.—*Morning Post.*

Six new churches, says the "Builder," have been erected in Granada, West Indies, since 1838. The Roman Catholic Bishop of the island says:—"The poor negroes carried the stones of which some of them were built, from one to seven miles upon their heads."

Experiments have been tried with gun-cotton (found to be far more powerful than gunpowder) in blasting rocks, at Standedge Tunnel, Yorkshire. One explosion broke two hundred and twenty-four cubic feet of rock, about sixteen and a half tons weight, into six pieces.

It will be in the recollection of our readers that we have, some time since, in the columns of the *Reporter*, an account of the sale of many Bohemian families in Wallachia. We have now the pleasure of being able to notify the emancipation of this unhappy class of our fellow-creatures, so far as they belonged to the State, the Church, and the secular clergy of that country. The particulars are given in a letter dated Bucharest, the 25th of February last, and are as follows:—

Since the Sultan has abolished Slavery, and his vassal, Mehemet Ali, has done the same, the principality of the Danube could not remain behind hand. The Wallachian Diet, in its sitting of the 23d of February, passed a resolution by which freedom is given to all the gypsy slaves belonging to the State, the Church, and the secular clergy, amounting to sixty thousand. Prince Bibesco is the person who took the initiative step in the matter. The Archbishop, on this occasion, brought the Prince to his way of thinking, broke through the opposition of the clergy, and called upon the Boiars to follow his example. It is hoped that this proceeding will induce private families to give freedom to ten thousand families which they hold in slavery. The freed gipsy slaves will have to pay a capitation tax of thirty piastres, (about ten shillings,) the sum thus raised to be expended in obtaining the freedom of their brethren in slavery amongst private families.

We trust that this is the beginning of the movement in the north of Europe, which shall issue in the complete abolition of every form of compulsory servitude.—*Anti-Slavery Reporter.*

In Aberdeen the operatives have instituted a corn society for the wholesale purchase of provisions and the retailing of them to members at cost price.

The Edinburgh Chronicle says, there is a deeper cause than the potato rot to account for the misery of Ireland, as in that Island—

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

A MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN'S CORPSES.—Coffins are a luxury unthought of. A woman came last week to the house of the Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, the parish priest, and begged him to send her a man to make a grave for her two children. He asked her where they were? "I have one here on my back," said she. "And where is the other," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, "you have not them both?" "No, Sir; my sister is with me, and she is carrying the other;" and so it was—the mother and the aunt had a corpse each, waiting for a grave.—*Cork Examiner.*

The massacre of Christians by that monster Turk, Bederkhan Bey, has been renewed with horrible ferocity. A letter from Mosul, dated March 15, 1847, says he had just beheaded a bishop and a priest, and put several other Christians to the most atrocious tortures. The Chaldeans were in hourly apprehension of a massacre. Nothing has yet been done by the General Government to suppress these appalling scenes. The Porte has flattered Bederkhan with presents, endeavouring thus to ensnare him; but the barbarous monster is too cunning, and now the Sultan promises to send forty thousand men to rescue those poor Christians who are yet alive.

Mr. C. Berkeley said, in a speech in Parliament recently, that the Deans and Chapters of Westminster are the largest possessors of brothels!

Some of the Irish papers mention the success attending the cultivation of a new plant, a native of Siberia, called the "Oil and Cake plant, or Golden Treasure." The oil derivable from it is said to be useful for lamps, the manufacture of woollen goods, and soap.

At a recent meeting to establish a Junenile Refuge in Manchester, the Archbishop of Dublin said that they could educate fifty children at the same cost that they could keep one soldier.

DREADFUL DISTRESS IN SWITZERAAND.—A physician, writing from Schull, in the canton of the Grisons, on the 28th of February, says: "The parish of Schulls is one vast charnal-house. A frightful mortality reigns here. Each day from forty to forty-five dead bodies are interred. There is scarce a humble dwelling in the canton, into which fever, dysentery, or death, have not entered. Graves cannot be prepared in sufficient numbers, and the bodies are so hastily interred, that the dogs, scraping off the dirt, draw them out, and batten on their flesh. The feebleness of the inhabitants prevents them from digging deeper. The master of a public school, who had, a year since, one hundred and forty scholars, now has not one. Half are dead, the rest incapable of raising themselves. The master, to support his family, is working on the roads."

The number of persons, says the Temperance Gazette, who drink to intoxication, in England alone, is not less than one million!

The Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, in Dublin, have received £7,000, per Cambria, from their brethren in America.

NOVEL IMPORT FROM THE UNITED STATES.—We unperstand that a quantity of fresh pork was received from New-York, by the Oxford packet-ship, and is now on sale in Oldham street.—*Manchester Guardian.*

SLAVE-TRADE.—HORRIBLE MASSACRE.—The following has just been received from a very intelligent naval officer at Ascension. The detail is one of the most appalling proofs of the calamities which the Slave-Trade leads to, and we trust the efficiency of the blockade may put an end to its being continued, in that of Africa at least, for some time to come:—"Ascension, Jan. 1, 1848.—We have just received news of a most horrible massacre on the coast. A slave depôt, called Gallinas, known to have two thousand slaves ready for shipping, was so closely blockaded by our cruisers, that the slave owners, finding it impossible to embark the slaves, and not wishing the expense of feeding them, actually, in cold blood, beheaded the whole number, placing their heads on poles stuck in the beach, saying, you will not allow us to make profit of prisoners we take in war, so we will kill all."—*Cork Constitution.*

CAUTION RESPECTING EMIGRATION TO TEXAS.—The following notice has been issued by order of her Majesty's Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners. We publish it as highly interesting and important to persons intending to emigrate to Texas:—Emigrants are warned, that her Majesty's Vice Consul, at Galveston, in a despatch dated the 6th of January last, states, that from the experience of six years' residence in Texas, he does not hesitate to pronounce that certain statements which have appeared respecting the salubrity of the climate, the fertility of the soil, and the richness of the mineral productions of Texas, are greatly exaggerated, and that there is a melancholy evidence of the f